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AFRICAN JOURNEY

by

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LONDON

VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD

1946

DEDICATION

For
the brothers and sisters, who will
know whom I mean

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WE GO

I WANTED TO GO to Africa.

It began when I was quite small. Africa was the place we Negroes came from originally. Lots of Americans, when they could afford it, went back to see their "old country." I remember wanting very much to see my "old country," and wondering what it would be like.

In America one heard little or nothing about Africa. I hadn't realized that, consciously, until we went to live in England. There was rarely even a news item about Africa in American newspapers or magazines. Americans were not interested in Africa economically (except for a very few business men like Firestone, who has rubber interests in Liberia), politically, or culturally. Practically nothing was or is taught in American schools about Africa. Liberia was the only place I had ever heard of, and that was because the United States maintains an American Negro consul there. Of course when I speak of Africa I mean black Africa, not North Africa.

In England, on the other hand, there is news of Africa everywhere: in the press, in the schools, in the films, in conversation. English people are actively interested in Africa economically and politically. Members of families are out in Africa in the civil service, in the military, in business; everywhere you go, someone's uncle, brother, or cousin is working, teaching, administering, or "serving" in Africa. Women go out to Africa with their men, or go out to visit them. There are courses on Africa in every good university in England; African languages are taught, missionaries are trained, and administrators are prepared for work "in the field." Everywhere there is information about Africa.

When we first went to England I remember how startled I was by all this readily available information on Africa. I had thought, somewhat complacently I'm afraid, that I was well informed about the Negro question. My grandfather, the late Francis Lewis Cardozo, was well known for his early awareness of the Negro problem, and was a pioneer in Negro education and in the fight for Negro rights. I was brought up in a household wide awake to every phase of the Negro problem in America.

There was the hitch: *in America*. There in England I was disconcerted by the fact that the Negro problem was not only the problem of the 13 million Negroes in America, but was and is the far greater problem of the 150 million Negroes in Africa, plus the problem of the 10 million Negroes in the West Indies.

Later on—much later—when I finally began to find out what it was all about, I came to realize that the Negro problem was not even limited to the problem of the 173 million black people in Africa, America, and the West Indies, but actually included (and does now especially include) the problem of the 390 million Indians in India, the problem of the 450 million Chinese in China, as well as the problem of all minorities everywhere.

It is just as well I didn't realize all this immediately. I probably would have been floored. As it was I was pretty much overcome by the fact that I knew so little concerning the problem about which I had always felt so well informed. That would never do.

I began reading everything about Africa I could lay hands on. This proved to be considerable, what with the libraries of the British Museum, the House of Commons, London University, and the London School of Economics. I began asking questions everywhere of everybody. The reading and the questions landed me right in the middle of anthropology (a subject I had only vaguely known existed) at the London School of Economics under Malinowski and Firth,

and at London University under Perry and Hocart. It was all very interesting and exciting and challenging. At last I began to find out something about my "old country," my background, my people, and thus about myself.

After more than a year of very wide reading and intensive study I began to get my intellectual feet wet. I am afraid I began to be obstreperous in seminars. I soon became fed up with white students and teachers "interpreting" the Negro mind and character to me. Especially when I felt, as I did very often, that their interpretation was wrong.

It went something like this: Me, I *am* Negro, I *know* what we think, how we feel. I know this means that, and that means so-and-so.

"Ah, no, my dear, you're wrong. You see, you are European.¹ You can't possibly know how the primitive mind works until you study it, as we have done."

"What do you mean I'm European? I'm *Negro*. I'm African myself. I'm what you call primitive. I have studied my mind, our minds. How dare you call me European!"

"No, you're not primitive, my dear," they told me patiently, tolerantly, "you're educated and cultured, like us."

"I'm educated because I went to school, because I was taught. You're educated because you went to school, were taught. I'm cultured because my people had the education and the means to achieve a good standard of living; that's the reason you're cultured. 'Poor whites' have neither education nor culture. Africans would have both if they had the schools and the money. Going to school and having money doesn't make me European. Having no schools and no money doesn't make the African primitive," I protested furiously.

"No, no," they explained; "the primitive mind cannot grasp the kind of ideas we can; they have schools, but their

¹ "European," a term which is very widely and somewhat loosely used among anthropologists, usually means "white," not only in colour, but also in culture, in civilization; "European" in their usage generally means a white person with Western (as against oriental and primitive) education, background, and values.

schools have only simple subjects, and crafts; it's all very different. You see, we've been out there for years and years (some ten, some twenty, some thirty years); we've studied them, taught them, administered them, worked with them, and we know. You've never been out there, you've never seen them and talked with them on their home ground; you can't possibly know."

It all sounded nonsense to me. And yet the last bit made sense—maybe. I'd better check it. Paul and I began to seek out all the Africans we could find, everywhere we went: in England, Scotland, Ireland, France; in the universities, on the docks, in the slums. The more we talked with them, the more we came to know them, the more convinced we were that we are the same people: They know us, we know them; we understand their spoken and unspoken word, we have the same kind of ideas, the same ambitions, the same kind of humour, many of the same values.

I asked Africans I met at universities, taking honours in medicine, in law, in philosophy, in education, in other subjects: "What is all this about primitive minds and abstruse subjects, about only simple subjects and crafts in your schools?"

"Oh, *that*," they said with a twinkle, "there's nothing primitive about our minds in these universities, is there? And how can we cope with any but simple subjects and crafts in our schools, when that is all they will allow us to have? Actually, they rarely give us any schools at all, but they sometimes 'aid' the schools the Missions have set up for us, and those we have set up for ourselves with our own money and labour. But they definitely limit our curricula."

I began to see light. It was the old army game every Negro in America will recognize: The white American South says the Negro is ignorant, and has a low standard of living; the Negro says the South won't give him adequate schools or decent wages.

With new confidence I began to ask more questions in seminars. And always I came up against the blank wall:

"But I was out there thirty years—I know. You have never been out there—you simply don't know."

"I *am* one, so I know."

And they would say: "You're different; you've met a few European-educated Africans who are different too."

This pattern was familiar to me also. In America Negroes get the same reaction: White America generalizes in its mind about the primitiveness, ignorance, laziness, and smell of Negroes. When we protest that these descriptions are just not true of us, nor of millions of our fellow Negroes, they answer: "But you are different; you are the exceptions." No matter how many facts we marshal to prove their statements untrue, they close their minds against these facts. It is more convenient for them to believe their own generalizations than to face the facts. So the facts become the "exceptions." But we "special" Negroes look closely and thoughtfully at the facts. We know we aren't essentially different from our fellow Negroes. We know also that other's merely saying we are different does not make us so.

So far so good. But I had no answer to the constant "You have never been out there." Very well, I would go. I'd just have to go out to Africa and see and meet and study and talk with my people on their home ground. Then I would be able to say truly: I have been there too, and I *know*.

Paul couldn't go to Africa with me. He had contracts ahead for two years and couldn't risk not being able to fulfil them. We knew nothing, firsthand, about climate and conditions in Africa. Paul doesn't stand the heat well, changes of climate are hard on him, changes of diet and water put him off. Perhaps it was best for me to go first, find out as much as I could about everything, and next time we could go together.

And so we began to plan: While I was away, Mother could go to Russia to visit my two brothers who live and work there. Paul would go to Russia later on and spend some time with Sergei Eisenstein, who was making a film in the country outside Moscow. The idea of Paul making a Russian film

had been discussed; this would give him a chance to perfect his Russian and observe Soviet methods of film making.

That disposed of everybody but Pauli, our beloved only child. He was eight—a fairly tender age; he was sturdy, but Mamma had always most carefully supervised his diet and general regime, which was rather strict. But he was adventurous, like me.

What was more important, Paul and I remembered vividly the time when, on the set of the *Sanders of the River* film, Pauli had been astonished and delighted to see all the Africans. "Why, there are lots of brown people," this then six-year-old had said happily, "lots of black people too; we're not the only ones." We had been profoundly disturbed by the realization that he had been living in an entirely white world since we had brought him and my mother to live with us in England, when he was ten months old. The only Negroes he had seen besides ourselves and Larry (Lawrence Brown, our colleague and accompanist) were the occasional ones who visited at our home. His young mind had thought we were the only brown people in a totally white world.

We must do something about that, we had said then. Well, this is it; this is what we'll do. If some Africans on a film set open up a new world to the child, a trip to the heart of Africa itself will be a revelation. He will see millions of other brown and black people, he will see a black world, he will see a black continent. So it was decided that Pauli would go with me.

We made our plans: We would go by sea from England to Capetown and Port Elizabeth, right at the bottom of South Africa. We would try to connect up with Bokwe, our African friend who had finished medicine at Edinburgh University and gone home to Alice, Cape Province, to practise; and his sister Frieda and her husband Zach Matthews, whom we had known in London when he was attending the Malinowski seminars; they and their children

also lived at Alice, where Matthews was teaching at Fort Hare, the African college. Then we would go on to Johannesburg and maybe see the mines; and perhaps work in a trip to Swaziland; and maybe I could manage to run up to see Tshekedi Khama, the African regent we had all been so thrilled about. Then we would go down to Mozambique in Portuguese East Africa, pick up a ship and sail up the east coast to Mombasa, and go overland by train to join Nyabongo, an African student of anthropology at Oxford, who would be at home in Uganda for the summer. It was arranged that Nyabongo would meet us at Kampala and take us out to his home in Toro, where I planned to do my field work on the herdspeople. Then we would fly home from Entebbe. All very ambitious.

We got down to brass tacks. There were vaccinations and injections to be taken at the Hospital for Tropical Diseases. There was shopping to do: tropical clothes, mosquito boots, cholera belts for Pauli and me; tropical luggage; my Cinekodak to check, and a lot of films especially packed for the tropics to buy. Paul gave me a gem of a camera, a Rolleiflex. "You can't take too many pictures," he said wisely. There were ship and rail reservations, passports to be put in order, visits to the Colonial Office, and visas.

The visas were the real problem. It seems if you are Negro, you can't make up your mind to go to Africa, and just go. Oh, no. Not unless you are a missionary. The white people in Africa do not want educated Negroes travelling around seeing how their brothers live; nor do they want those brothers seeing Negroes from other parts of the world, hearing how they live. It would upset them, make them restless and dissatisfied; it would make them examine and re-examine the conditions under which they, as "natives," live; and that would never do at all, at all. In fact it would be extremely dangerous. Something must be done to prevent this "contact." But what to do? It's simple: just keep all other Negroes out of Africa, except maybe a few who will come to preach the Gospel. The Gospel always helps to keep

people quiet and resigned. And how to keep them out? That's simple, too: just don't grant them visas. So they don't grant them visas. *Voilà*.

I had had a fair amount of experience travelling about with Paul and Larry all over Europe and to Russia. On concert tours I always took care of tickets, passports, itinerary, foreign monies for us all. For this trip I planned a rather elastic itinerary, bought steamer reservations at Cooks', hied me to the Colonial Office for visas to Swaziland, Basutoland, Kenya, Uganda, Egypt (for the air trip home).

The Colonial Office wanted to know why I was going. I was going out to do my fieldwork for a degree in anthropology. When I presented my credentials from the professors at school the Colonial Office was helpful and gave me all the visas.

Then to South Africa House, but no South African visa.

"Why not?" I asked innocently. Well, it seems all visas are granted from the home office in Capetown, and mails take time. "All right, it takes time. I have time; I'll come back."

Our arms swelled up and became stiff and sore from the vaccinations and injections. Our luggage accumulated, and the time for sailing drew near. Back to South Africa House—still no visas.

"Still no word," they said.

"I'll gladly pay for cables, to hurry it up," I said.

A few days more, and still no word.

"I'll gladly pay for telephone calls through to the Cape-town office," I said.

Another few days, and still no visa.

Then Paul and I took counsel.

"They're not going to give us visas," I said. "I recognize the run-around in this 'still no word' business."

We were angry, frustrated.

I said, "They will have to tell me no, and why, before I give up."

"So they will tell you no," said Paul, "and then you can't go."

"But I've got to go," I said. "Pauli and I will just get on that ship, with or without visas. When we get there, all they can do is to refuse to let us land. If they do that, I'll set up a howl there, and you can set up a real howl here, and then maybe they'll do something."

"It sounds crazy," said Paul, "just crazy enough to work. The worst that can happen is that you'll miss South Africa and have to go right on up the east coast without stopping off."

Cooks' said I couldn't sail without visas. It just wasn't done.

"But we've got visas," I said, waving our passports. "Swaziland, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Kenya, Uganda, Egypt."

"Well——" said Cooks'.

"Well," I said firmly, "we'll go, and if necessary we'll just have to miss South Africa."

So we set out. On May 29, 1936, Pauli and I took the boat train from London to Southampton, for the steamship *Winchester Castle*, of the Union Castle Line. We bade good-bye to Mother at the flat. Paul took us to Waterloo Station and settled us in the train. Larry came to see us off.

Paul said, as he kissed us good-bye: "I'll stay right here in London near the telephone till you are well on your way at the other end, and this visa business has been cleared up."

He is such a dear person. It was a wrench to leave him. He and Pauli had spent all the day before at Lord's, sitting on the bleachers in the sun holding hands, watching a cricket match. Pauli found it hard to leave him too. But we had each other, and we were off on high adventure. We sat close together and held hands all the way to Southampton.

AFRICAN JOURNEY

May 30. On board the s.s. *Winchester Castle*. All day today in the Bay of Biscay. The sea looks calm but there is a lot of underneath motion. Pauli is ill, and I am certainly uncomfortable. We spend most of our time on deck out in the air. We keep ourselves very much to ourselves, and are entirely self-sufficient. I brought lots of good books, games, and jigsaw puzzles, so we manage to have a very good time together. The passengers seem friendly enough, but I am taking no chances. They are mostly South Africans, whose attitude toward the Negro I find very familiar, very like that of our "Deep South" Southern white folks in America, only more so. So I will be extremely cautious socially.

Our double first-class stateroom with private bath is pleasant and comfortable. The food and service are excellent, so it looks like a good trip. Our only stop before we reach the bottom of Africa will be Madeira.

May 31. The sea is calm and smooth, thank goodness. We keep losing time as we go south: set our clocks back eighty-three minutes the first night, and fifteen minutes last night.

Played shuffleboard on deck with Pauli, and some deck tennis. He is certainly good at games. He had a grand swim in the ship's pool this morning; he finds he can go in twice a day—before breakfast and at four-thirty, the hours for men.

The passengers are beginning to take an interest in him. He is very shy and retiring, and they have to make all the overtures.

Had a cable from Bokwe. He says he will meet us at Port Elizabeth, and is arranging our itinerary down there.

Probably that means he will take us up to his home in Alice, Cape Province.

June 1. Calm day with very little sun. The few English passengers complain bitterly because of it.

The passengers are becoming very friendly with us, and stop at our deck chairs to talk. Children are seeking Pauli out and keep taking him away for games and explorations. He is gay and sings all day, so I know all is well. A lot of people asked me to be sure to come to the dance on deck in the evening, so I did. Pauli sat up with me, very smart in his grey flannels, white shirt, navy bow tie, and black shoes and socks. He watched me with critical approval as I danced every dance. We both went to bed at ten o'clock, exhausted.

The ship calls at Madeira in the morning, and we will have a few hours ashore.

June 2. Madeira. Up early. We anchored in the harbour at seven, in pouring rain. Mist obscured everything at first, but after breakfast it cleared and we could see the lovely island. An extraordinary island, far out off the coast of Morocco, rising 3,000 feet straight up out of the sea, sheer and green and beautiful, but so isolated as to be a little frightening, I thought.

The harbour was filled with fishing boats riding anchor a little way out to sea. Hundreds of smaller boats, filled with local articles for sale, came out to meet the ship. Boys dived from them for pennies which the passengers threw into the sea. Pauli was lost in admiration for their underwater swimming.

I bought two lovely wicker deck chairs with leg rests for two dollars each, a cigarette holder for Paul, a Portuguese banjo for Pauli, and lots of postcards.

We left the ship with other passengers in a motor launch for the shore trip. Pauli loved going down the steep but sturdy steps made fast to the side of the ship, and speeding across the blue water of the lovely harbour to Funchal, the town

nestled at the foot of the island. He was interested to see that the people were quite brown. Not "our kind of brown," but swarthy, deeply and permanently browned by the sun. (Madeira is Portuguese.)

A guide took us by bullock cart up to the mountain railway. This cart is a kind of pony cart on sled runners, drawn by a pair of oxen; the runners slide along the smooth worn cobblestones of the narrow streets with a jerky motion. The mountain railway took us straight up to the top of the island. Here we got a gorgeous view of the place as a whole: the harbour, our ship tiny in the distance; the beach, looking like a little strip of coal: Close up we had seen that it was made of dark slate-coloured stones which look black when wet. Lovely pine-covered cliffs, waterfalls, terraces, banana, eucalyptus, and palm trees, sugar cane, and flowers, flowers everywhere.

We came down the mountain by sledge—the same kind of pony cart on runners, this time without the oxen but with two men to guide it and its own momentum to send it down. The drivers often stopped to grease the runners with fat-drenched rags. It was a fascinating jerky toboggan effect—flying over the smooth cobblestones; we found it very exciting.

We returned to the ship at ten-thirty, and sailed at eleven. A very full morning. We lay in our new wicker deck chairs the rest of the day, resting, reading, and writing.

June 4. We are off Dakar, Senegal, West Africa. The air is very heavy, the sea grey and hot and calm, the sky lead coloured. And it is a grey and heavy thought that between 1666 and 1800 more than five and a half million kidnapped Africans, my ancestors, began the dreadful journey across the Atlantic from this very stretch of coast, to be sold as slaves in the "new world." I say began the journey, because records show that more than half a million of them died en route. No wonder the sea and sky and the very air of this whole area seem sinister to me.

June 6. We have been gradually getting acquainted with our shipmates. Last night Mrs. G., the South African lady of about seventy, very big, rough, and kindly, who sits at the next table in the dining salon, got talking to us about Cecil Rhodes. She continued the conversation later on deck, long after Pauli went to bed. Her late husband knew Rhodes well, they were great friends and often went on long trips together. A few months ago she climbed up to Rhodes' grave where he lies beside Jameson, and looked over the Matoppos. She said it is a beautiful and lonely sight—vast—and one has to sit and contemplate the frailty of man and the magnificence of the universe. She said she went on from there to see Victoria Falls, which have quite another kind of magnificence.

Mrs. G. has been through the Boer War, the Jameson Raid, and the First World War. She had been in Europe during the latter because her sons were fighting, and she wanted to be near them. She was born in the Orange Free State. Paul Kruger lived in the same village. She does not admire Kruger, says he was crude and uneducated. Smuts used to play in her garden with her brother, and she has known him all her life. I must cultivate this woman. She is part of South African history.

We have come to know a very charming South African family aboard, a Mr. and Mrs. R. and their daughter Molly, from Johannesburg. Molly is a very attractive child a little older than Pauli; they play beautifully together. She tells us that in her part of South Africa it is a law in many residential sections that no one can build a house unless he has at least an acre of ground. This is to prevent crowding. The Boer ideal is "not to see his neighbour's smoke."

Had another talk with Mrs. G. on deck this morning. She is fascinating. She told me of her farm in the Orange Free State where she raises cattle for export. She talked about the old days, and about visiting her daughter who, with her young husband, had a cattle farm in the Belgian Congo. This farm was four hundred square miles and had



fourteen rivers on it, and was in the heart of the tsetse-fly and mosquito district. She held Pauli and me spellbound describing this visit:

She went from Southern Rhodesia up to Elizabethville and right on up to Bukama in the Congo; thence by drazoon (little railroad workers' carriage on wheels, worked by hand) the rest of the way through the leopard forest to the farm. She said the forest was very frightening, with the great brutes lying up in the branches of the trees, quiet and deadly. The drazoon was open, but went by so swiftly and unexpectedly and with such strange noise that the beasts seemed unprepared to spring. Of course she and the men were well armed.

The cattle farm became very successful, and the Belgians later built a railway right through. Now they ship the cattle down to Walvis Bay on the coast of Southwest Africa, where it is slaughtered, frozen, and exported.

While she was on the farm her son-in-law sent for the Natives to come in and dance for her, and 4,000 turned up. "It was an extraordinary sight, the countryside was black with Natives."

Mrs. G. told us about the famous game reserve, Kruger National Park in the Transvaal. There are 8,000 square miles kept in their natural state, where lions, leopards, baboons, giraffes, hippopotamuses, and zebras roam unmolested by man. It takes three days to go through. You go in a closed car with lots of windows, with a keeper who has a sealed gun which he may use only in self-defence. Visitors are not allowed to carry guns at all. You spend the nights in the park's rest camps. She says the best time is at sunset when all the animals go down to drink. It is strange to see the lions pounce on the zebras and bucks and kill them. The zebras and bucks always keep their heads cocked on the alert, in fright, and it is sad to watch them. (I see that I will have to try to take Pauli through this park. For him it will be all the zoos, plus.)

Mrs. G. said she once crossed the Zambesi River on a

Native-built raft, on which were a hundred Natives on the way to labour camps. The raft was surrounded by crocodiles which seemed covered with some white stuff. She asked what it was and they told her it was a covering of tiny tick-birds which eat all the vermin off the backs of the huge animals. The Zambesi is swarming with crocodiles, which get their prey by swishing them into the water with their powerful tails; while the victim is struggling in the water, the crocodile seizes him with its great jaws and drags him underwater until he drowns.

June 7. Sunday. Off Liberia, west coast. Liberia! That high hope which turned out to be such a disappointment. Liberia was to be the country where freed Negroes were to be really free, and were to help develop and educate their African brothers. And what happened? In time the freed Negroes (Americo-Liberians as they are called) followed the pattern of other colonial peoples—exploiting and enslaving the Africans, the Liberians. Considering the high purpose for which this black colony was founded, and the brave democratic principles upon which this now so-called republic is supposed to rest, the backwardness, poverty, and lack of franchise among the subject Liberian people as against the wealth and official corruption among the ruling Americo-Liberian citizens makes a shameful picture—a disgrace to the “Republic” and to the United States which sponsors it.

The air has been growing steadily heavier, and everybody is frankly perspiring. The ship’s staff turned out in white duck this morning—officers, waiters, and all—and very fresh they look. The fans are turned on in the dining salon.

The sea looks positively steamy. Last midnight we had our first heavy tropical storm. It poured down in torrents and there was a most peculiar wind. The sea was smooth and heavy, as though it was oil instead of water, and the humidity was terrific.

The passengers were very much annoyed because the captain asked the men in shirt sleeves to leave the dining

room and put on their coats. It was sweltering. Lunch is surely the informal meal. Some of the men had lunch in their rooms and on deck rather than return. This strict formality when everyone is pouring with perspiration seems odd.

There was church service this morning in the lounge. All during the voyage, second- and third-class passengers may not come to our first-class decks, pool, lounge—except on Sunday for the Divine Service. Then they may come up and pay their respects to God, first class. We can all go to their decks freely at any time.

We crossed the equator late this afternoon. We all expected the weather to continue hot, but it was marvellous: cool, fresh, clear, very pleasant and restful. The storm must have cleared the air. And we saw flying fish for the first time: little silver-white fish about the size of a large sardine. They leap out of the water, skim along for a few minutes above the surface, then go under again. It is fun to watch them.

The nights are pretty hot in the tropics so far, but we always get a cool breeze before sunrise and all during the early morning.

I went swimming in the pool with Pauli during the last few days. The humidity had done my hair up anyway, so I thought I might as well enjoy some good swims. It is great fun playing with the peculiar waves made by the roll of the ship.

Had a pleasant and interesting talk with Mr. F., the young English colonial passenger on his way back to his cattle and tobacco farm in Marandellas, Southern Rhodesia. He and Pauli have been playing a lot of deck tennis together. Young F. is an expert player but has a slight foot disability, and Pauli's speed and agility are just what he needs. Together they form a team and challenge all comers.

Mr. F. was telling me about the present premier of Southern Rhodesia, a Mr. Huggins—a young man who is really informed about Native affairs and who takes his job

seriously and intelligently. Mr. F. is going to send him a letter introducing me, so that if I go through Salisbury where he lives, I may meet and talk with him. Very kind and helpful.

Although nearly everyone on board has had long and leisurely talks with me, this is the very first time anyone has even so much as mentioned the all-important subject of Native affairs.

Young F. got talking about his own life: When he first went out to Marandellas with one Native only, it was nothing but bush. He and his Native, working against time, planted his first crop of tobacco. They worked all day long till they were exhausted, then fell into sleep. He dared not even stop to build a hut, because they just *had* to get the crop in. The first night his Native slept by the fire, and he on a camp bed covered with a blanket, under the stars. He was awakened by the Native leaping into bed with him. "Of course I kicked him out." The Native had been frightened by a lion roaring. They built up the fire and lay down again. Some nights later they began to be disturbed regularly, and to be awakened by the horrible screaming of baboons which were being attacked by leopards. He said it was the most frightful sound. Nights later he was awakened by a hyena snatching at his blanket, and woke up howling at the top of his voice—which frightened the hyena away. But that was really the limit, so next morning he and his Native built a hut.

He took no precautions at all—didn't know any in those days—and had a bad go of dysentery, then malarial fever, then blackwater fever, and kept being carted off to hospital but having to come right back, because he dared not leave that first crop.

June 8. We have begun to put our clocks forward again. We are one day out of the tropics and the weather is clear and cool and lovely. Our waiter tells us it gets colder as we near Capetown. He says our Christmas is South Africa's mid-

summer, and they celebrate Christmas and New Year's with picnics out-of-doors. Our summer is their winter. A bit confusing at first.

June 10. We have run into the "Cape Rollers" and believe me they are most uncomfortable. They are said to be caused by the meeting of the Indian Ocean with the South Atlantic, and the great difference in their temperatures causes currents and swells. Often it is very, very rough around the cape and far up on both sides as well. Thank heaven the ship is steady, and I can manage, although I took to my bed when we first ran into the rollers yesterday.

Mrs. G. was telling me about Julius, her Native servant ("boy" as they are called) who has been with her for years. He drives her car and is general houseman, I gather. It seems he fell in love with one of her maids, Native of course, and Mrs. G. became interested in the romance. "I gave her a lovely wedding dress, and they were married right in my own parlour. And Julius said a white bride could not have looked as lovely as his black one did." I could almost feel I was at home again, listening to a white Southerner from our own Deep South. I think it will be easy for me to understand the South Africans: Their attitudes, especially their patriarchal attitudes, are entirely familiar.

I have been asking the passengers, discreetly I hope, about the Cape Coloured people. Everyone seems a bit interested in the Cape Coloured, but very worried and shy about the Natives. I gather they feel rather safer with the Coloured, because they are "more like the Europeans," and their ideal is to become European. They are given just enough encouragement to make them feel themselves "above" the Native and "different" from him. Then too, their numbers are comparatively few: They are less than half the number of the European population. The Natives are so much stronger numerically than the Europeans, and so entirely different, that they are frightening. And they have no desire whatever to become European, which makes them

more frightening. (Natives are more than three times greater in number, in South Africa, than Europeans. Hailey gives the numbers for all of Africa: Europeans 4,014,424, as against the total population of roughly 150,000,000).¹

I find myself recognizing the tone of voice, the inflection of these South Africans. "Native" is their word for our "nigger"; "non-European" for our Negro; "European" means white; and "South African" surprisingly enough does not mean the millions of original black people there, but the white residents born there, as distinguished from the white residents born in Europe who are called "colonials" or "settlers."

June 13. It is getting colder every day, clear bright cold, and the days are closing in. The twenty-first of June is the longest day in the Northern Hemisphere, and the shortest here in the Southern. Now it gets dark at six in the evening.

There was a brilliant sunset a few nights ago: a huge flaming red ball in a sky of blue; then suddenly the ball of fire almost ran down to the horizon, hung there for a moment then disappeared into the water—all in less than ten minutes. In another few minutes it was quite dark. They tell me the sunsets and sunrises here are very brilliant and very sudden.

Molly tells us storms are usually sudden and terrific. The lightning is so brilliant and so destructive that it lights up the whole countryside, splits huge trees, encircles the metal of cars, kills people and cattle. One must be very careful of cloudbursts, especially out on the veldt, because it becomes flooded in a few minutes and you are marooned. It all sounds very violent.

June 14. We are due at Capetown early tomorrow morning. Will surely be glad to see land again, and to feel it under our feet.

¹ The figures in this book are taken from the most accurate censuses and estimates available, in England and in America. They have been rechecked by me as of December, 1943.

It is heavenly cool today with brilliant sun, and the sea is like glass. We saw a whale this morning; it came up not very far off our port side and blew, then sank and rushed away sending up spouts of water every few minutes in the distance. Albatrosses are all about the stern of the ship—huge white birds about seven feet across, with snowy breasts.

The South Africans aboard are becoming more and more excited as we near Capetown. Everyone tells us proudly about the beauty of Table Bay and Table Mountain. When clouds obscure the perfectly flat top of the mountain they say, "There is a tablecloth on the mountain."

We have been getting cheerful and loving cables from Paul regularly all during the voyage. Today he cabled that Dr. Schapera, head of anthropology at Capetown University, whom we met in London at Malinowski's, will call for us when we reach Capetown. That is good news. Paul must have been very busy on the home front about that visa.

June 15. We anchored in Table Bay at three o'clock this morning. I could see the lights of Capetown just ahead. We docked at seven. It was pouring with rain, a heavy misty driving rain, and there were so many tablecloths on Table Mountain we couldn't see it at all.

Newspapermen searched me out and interviewed me from eight to nine o'clock in the ship's lounge. Newspapermen are the same the world over. They can ask some very ticklish questions and corner you into making rash statements, if you are not very careful. Fortunately fifteen years with Paul have given me some experience and caution. The interviews went something like this.

Reporters: Why have you come to South Africa?

Me: For a visit. I'm really on my way to Uganda to do field work in anthropology.

Reporters: Why isn't Mr. Robeson with you? Was he nervous about coming? Nervous about the race question?

Me: He is detained in London on business.

Reporters: Are you interested in Native conditions here?

Me: Yes, of course. I don't know anything about them, however.

Reporters: Will you try to find out about them while you are here?

Me: (In my mind: This is a trick question, Essie, be careful.) I'm afraid I won't have time. I'm sailing almost immediately with the ship. (In my mind: I'll certainly see as much as I can, and find out all I can. That's really what I came for.)

Reporters: Will Mr. Robeson come to South Africa for concerts?

Me: I think he would like to, but he is booked solidly for the next two years.

Reporters: Has Mr. Robeson expressed his views about segregation and discrimination in South Africa?

Me: He has expressed his views on segregation and discrimination in general, everywhere. I don't think we know enough about the specific problems in South Africa to express an intelligent view about them. (In my mind: I hope to find out as much as possible about them while I am here, so we will be able to express a view about them in the future.)

Reporters: From your study of anthropology, do you believe the primitive mind is capable of assimilating European thought and culture?

Me: The Africans I have met abroad, especially those in universities, seem to have had no difficulty doing so.

Reporters: How much European blood have you?

Me: (Mischievously, but truthfully) Some Spanish, English, Scottish, Jewish, American Indian, with a large majority of Negro blood. I consider myself Negro, and have always been considered Negro by white Americans.

Reporters: Will you be studying any political aspect of the Native question in your field work?

Me: I hope to do a study of the herdspeople in Uganda. I

don't know yet whether they have a political aspect.
(In my mind: I hope that sounds innocent enough!)

Reporter: What do you think will be the outcome of the Joe Louis—Max Schmeling fight?

Pauli: (promptly taking over) Joe Louis will win, of course.

I escaped from the reporters and went over to speak to a delegation of Coloured people and Africans who seemed to be waiting for me. We had an interesting few minutes together and made definite plans to meet later in the day and tomorrow, and they promised to show me as much as they could.

Then Dr. Schapera, together with his colleague Mr. Goodwin, head of archeology at Capetown University, came on board to fetch us. Our first stop was at Cooks', where I put through a telephone call to Paul, in London. Dr. Schapera arranged for me to receive the call in his office at the university, so we didn't have to wait around.

Capetown is a beautiful city, spacious and modern. The harbour and mountains make a perfect setting.

At the university we first went through the museum. Saw the very interesting Bushman Collection: life-sized figures of Bushmen, some originals of their rock-paintings and chippings (an especially marvellous one of an elephant). The curator gave Pauli some Bushman beads made of ostrich eggshells, and me some fine photographs of the rock-carvings and paintings. Dr. Schapera gave me some African divining bones—a set of four, made of wood. We are already accumulating things.

Up in Schapera's office the telephone operator rang up to say the London number did not answer, and could she try another number? I gave her Jean Forbes Robertson's. Jean has the flat across the hall from us and will run over and bang on the door to rouse Paul, or will give him a message. Sure enough, in a few minutes we were talking with Paul. His big beautiful voice sounded so clear and

near, as though he were just around the corner. Pauli talked too, his eyes big and delighted and incredulous as he listened to his father's voice.

When I called back the South African operator to find out the cost of the call, she said excitedly: "That was Mr. Robeson's voice, wasn't it? We were all so thrilled to hear it. It sounds exactly like it does on the screen and on records. Are you his wife? And was that his little boy who talked? We hope you both have a pleasant visit in South Africa, and we hope Mr. Robeson comes out soon." (This is the voice of the little people, and warm and friendly, as usual!) What with Paul's own voice, and the spontaneous cordiality from this most unexpected quarter, I felt we had made a very good beginning.

We went along to Professor Goodwin's home for lunch. His wife was charming, and his three children were sweet and unaffected and very dear to Pauli. Lady Beatty, wife of the principal of the university, was also a guest at lunch. She was a fine elderly Scottish lady—sound, solid, with a sense of humour, common sense, and great fun.

During lunch Dr. Schapera told us he was concerned in a new case against Tshekedi; that he, Tshekedi, is now questioning certain proclamations which the government has made as being contrary to Native law and custom. Schapera says it is a highly technical matter, and one of the things which seems to irritate him is the fact that Tshekedi keeps talking about the "divine right of kings"! This tickled me because it sounds like all the other things I have heard and read about Tshekedi, this remarkable man who is so rightly a romantic hero to all Negroes who know about him. I hope to meet and talk with this fascinating African regent in his native Bechuanaland. Naturally I said nothing of this ambition at lunch. Tshekedi is a pretty sore point with Europeans, I take it.

After a delightful and most interesting visit, my university friends turned us over to the Coloured people, who took us to the home of Mrs. Gow in the Coloured section of Cape-

town. Mrs. Gow was formerly Louise Ballow of Richmond, Virginia—a childhood friend of Hattie Bolling, my dearest friend in America. So it is a small world. Louise had married a minister, and they have been out here for years. They have a little girl of seven. “Mother” Gow, the Reverend’s mother, lives with them and is a grand old Negro lady from Carlyle, Pennsylvania.

Young Mrs. Gow and Mr. Alf Williams, a friendly intelligent young Coloured man took us first to Bethel Institute in Hanover Street, where 500 children of this Coloured district awaited us. They were most interesting types: Indian, Malay, Chinese, and every possible mixture of these with Africans. They were all shades of tan and brown. Most of them were very neat, but very poor. Pauli and I spoke to the children, who then sang for us. They were all eager for news of the outside world, and seemed to be as interested in Pauli as he was in them.

Then back to Mother Gow’s for a magnificent dinner—a dinner which would have done credit to Hattie Bolling. And that is no mean compliment!

The Gow home is in Woodstock, a suburb of Capetown, in the Coloured section. Here, as throughout the Union of South Africa, Coloured people must live in definitely segregated areas. These areas are usually the slum districts, near freight yards, in the outskirts or some other undesirable section of the cities.

After dinner Mr. Williams took us to see his sister’s nursing home—St. Monica’s, which is in the worst slum in Capetown. This Coloured section is known to official government as District Six, and Coloured people speak of it as “the Quarter.” St. Monica’s does very fine maternity work: Native girls come from the bush all over the north to be trained here. They receive a splendid practical course of instruction, as well as general nurse training and experience. I saw many of the patients, mothers—all African—some awaiting delivery, some already delivered and learning how to care for their babies.

The Sister (nurse), Miss Williams, told me about the work: How thoroughly and practically the girls are trained; how they deliver babies in the little operating room here, sometimes with the best obstetricians in the city. When the nurses return to their homes in the bush, they must deliver all alone, in the open, in kraals, in huts, usually with only the equipment and conveniences they can carry in their little bags. In its way the nursing home is really first class. It is intelligently managed by the Scotswoman whose brain child it is. She is the only European in the institution.

In the evening we went to a reception in our honour at Cathedral Hall, still in the Coloured section. It might have been a reception in any small town or country district in America—so at home did we feel, and so familiar was the procedure, the entertainment, the discussion, and the problems.

I finally found out what the term “coloured” means out here: Any mixture of white blood with African, Indian, Chinese, or Malay blood, and any mixture of African with the Asiatic blood is called “coloured.”

Here in the Union of South Africa there are nearly seven million Africans, the indigenous native peoples; about two million white people, including Europeans (white people born in Europe) and South Africans (white people born in South Africa); more than half a million Coloured people; and about a quarter of a million Asiatics, the great majority of whom are Indians.

It is customary out here to speak of all white people as “European,” and all the rest of the people as “non-European”; the oriental people are “Asiatic”; the African people are “Native,” and the mixtures are “Coloured.”

And so back to the ship and to bed, a very tired Pauli and an equally tired Mamma.

June 16. Still in Capetown. The ship has to unload its European cargo and take on intercoastal freight, all of which takes time.

This morning we shopped: bought a lumber jacket, khaki shirts and shorts, long flannel trousers for Pauli, so he may be comfy "upcountry." Everything I brought out for him is for the tropics, and it is cold here.

Went along to Mashew Millen's Bookshop in Adderley Street and bought some beautiful photographs of African types, found several books on Africa I had been looking for for years and which are out of print.

My errands done, Louise Gow and Alf Williams drove us out to Livingston School, the only non-Mission school in South Africa where Coloured children can receive education as high as the last two years in high school and a year and a half of teacher training. Students come from all over South Africa, from as far away as Beira, and one student comes in daily from his home thirty miles away.

It is forbidden by law for Coloured and Native children to attend the same school with Europeans. Coloured schools are also separate from Native schools.

Here at Livingston the students are every mixture under the sun: They have bright eager faces, and look well disciplined and well cared for. The staff is made up of European and Coloured teachers who are young, attractive, and very capable-looking. Everyone was much interested in Pauli, and he in everyone.

From the school we drove out to Langa—our first real Location. As a Negro citizen of "democratic" America, segregated coloured sections of cities are not unknown to me. But these still further segregated *locations* are something different altogether. The Coloured people in South Africa, as in America, are allowed to live in certain sections within the city proper, or in the immediate outskirts of the city. The Natives, however, are forbidden by law to live in these segregated Coloured sections, or in any part of the cities whatsoever. They must live in the *locations* and in the *reserves*, which are special areas for them, entirely removed from the cities (as in the case of Langa, seven miles outside Cape-town). The only exceptions to this rule, in the whole of

the Union of South Africa, are the Natives in domestic service or other employment to Europeans in cities; these Natives may live on or near their employer's premises, for the convenience of the employer.

Langa is one of the better locations. It is a big community—about 2,500 Natives live here—and is set pleasantly and healthily in a pine forest. It is a little village in itself: bungalows set out in rows, forming rough streets; three small schools, and a tiny hospital. There is no paving of any kind, in fact the last two miles of road from Capetown are of unpaved dirt and deeply rutted.

The bungalows are of one, two, three, and four rooms. There are no baths, no toilets, no water of any kind in the houses. There are community taps and toilets at the back, serving large groups of houses.

If tenants fall behind in their rent they are evicted and put in prison.

The superintendent of Langa is a white South African—a Mr. Cook. He is well paid by the government and has a nice car. He showed us around and took us to the little hospital—a nice clean building in the centre of the Location. The matron is a white Englishwoman, and there is one white South African and one Native Sister. Matron explained that most of the cases are severe chest ailments: pneumonia, bronchitis, tuberculosis. They have one case of relapsing fever which is worrying them, but she “does not think it is plague.” No surgical cases are treated here, but are sent into city hospitals. One good doctor from the city is supposed to make the rounds at Langa every day.

Mr. Cook then turned us over to Mr. Mama, the delightful schoolmaster of Langa, who might have been a teacher from Tuskegee or Hampton in America. He had the children come out and sing for us so we might see them all. They sang African songs, complete with clicks (sounds in their Native language), which were fascinating. They had mobile faces, eager, intelligent, and friendly—all faces we might have

known at home in America. Mr. Mama and many of the children spoke English, so that conversation was easy. Everyone everywhere was cordial and interested and eager for "outside" news.

As we walked about Langa we saw babies tied to their mothers' backs, women balancing considerable loads on their heads, old women smoking. We talked with one girl, a teacher here, whose brother is now finishing medicine at Edinburgh. That Scottish university seems a far cry from this Location.

Everyone in Langa is African, except of course the superintendent, the hospital matron, and the Sister—Africans from every corner of the Union who have found work, or hope to find work, in Capetown and environs.

In the Union of South Africa, Africans are required by law to live in the Native reserves. These reserves are land especially set aside and "reserved" by the government for the African population. They are as remote and isolated as possible from the cities and towns, with their European populations.

But in Africa, as in America, the white folks want the Negroes to work for them. While they proclaim a fear and horror of Negroes in general living near by, they seem quite comfortable when the *Negroes who work for them* live within call—or indeed live right in their homes.

In order to have a supply of black labour available near at hand, the Union Government has arranged for "proclaimed areas"—proclaimed as delimited for the occupation of Natives—at convenient distances from centres where labour is needed. These areas are known as locations.

While the Coloured people may live in segregated districts in the towns and cities, the vast majority of the seven million Africans are required by law to live in the isolated and usually remote Native reserves. They may not go out from the reserves without written permission (a pass) to do so, and then only for definitely stated reasons—usually to look for work.

When the Native is outside the reserve he must live on his employer's premises, or in a location. He must have a permit to live in the location, and he must have permission (a pass) to travel back and forth to work. No African may be in any public place in the Union after curfew, except by special permit.

In some cases when European employers find it impractical to house their African domestic or other workers, these workers are allowed to live with the Coloured people in their segregated areas.

Urban locations may number from 2,500 Africans (as at Langa) to 18,000 (as at Bloemfontein) to 40,000 (as at East London). The reserves may contain as many as 850,000 (as in the Traskeian territories).

The land available in the Union for Native occupation is 13 per cent of the total; that is, more than 66 per cent of the population is restricted to 13 per cent of the land.

And so from Langa back to town. On the road we passed many Africans trudging back from Capetown, the daily search for work having been unsuccessful. They had walked the seven miles into town and seven miles back.

Back in town to St. Monica's to collect Sister Williams, who took us to see "the Quarter," where the Coloured people live. One must see the conditions here to believe them: Jerry Street with its dreadful one-story three-room houses; steps up to an unrailed dangerous porch; dark hall through the house front-to-back; no kitchen, no water, no bath, no toilet. The cooking sometimes is done in the hall, but more often done in the yard, in a coal house with stove but no chimney. Some houses have a rough lean-to kitchen, but space is at such a premium that this lean-to is nearly always let out as a room. All the washing is done in the yard, where there is a community tap and a community toilet. Every inch of house space is used for sleeping. In every room are camp beds, cots, pallets, blanket-beds on the floor.

There are three to four people living in every room. Everyone collects on the porch and steps for light and air.

In one of the few two-story houses I climbed the stairs with Miss Williams to the second floor, clinging to a hand-rail which was certainly necessary because the steep narrow stairs had holes big enough for your foot to slip through. Someone was making a fire in the hall, preparing to cook a meal, and smoke rose through the house.

In another house we climbed a sort of ladder (this time with no handrail to steady us) to a trap door and into a kind of loft above. Here a mother lived with her two children. The place was spotlessly clean, with their rags of clothing washed and hung neatly over a line strung across the room: a worn-out towel, clean and folded, shabby clothes; and more shabby clothes hung on hooks on the walls. This dignified pleasant woman was making the best of her surroundings.

Miss Williams tells me that St. Monica's delivers most of the women in the Quarter and teaches them how to care for themselves and their children. Nurses often have to put up a sheet or blanket as a screen in order to deliver a woman in these rooms. She tells me she has often had to make a fire out in the yard in the rain, in order to heat water, because it was impossible to make a fire indoors without smoking out the patient. The women welcomed her everywhere we went.

The people in the quarter are very mixed: every possible combination of African, white, Indian, Chinese, and Malay. Some of the women and children are really beautiful.¹

¹ In case my optimistic readers hope, as I had hoped, that something had been done to clean up these locations, quarters, and slums, I quote from the most recent account of them, in *South of the Congo*, by Selwyn James: "I gathered the material for this chapter in 1939. . . . The war has not raised the wages for the Bantu [African] and has not cleaned up his slums. Whenever I write or speak about how the Bantu lives, I get the feeling that what I am writing or saying is too incredible for others to believe. . . . The dwellings in the urban areas, with few exceptions, are a disgrace and the majority unfit for human habitation. . . . These Locations are set well away from the white residential areas. They breed disease. The whites don't go near them. Some years ago a white investigating committee reported that they were a menace

To Cooks' for our passports, and was glad to see that we now have all the visas for the air trip home—Greece, Italy, France.

Paid our respects to Mr. Millard, High Commissioner of the Interior, at Parliament Buildings.

Then back to the ship, and we are now sailing right around the bottom of Africa, headed for Port Elizabeth. We waved farewell to Table Mountain, clear and resplendent in the sunset. This time it did look just like a table.

It seems incredible that we have had just two days in Capetown. We have seen and learned so much. I am deeply grateful to my university friends for taking us off the ship, and for their charming and generous hospitality. And I shall always appreciate the constructive and tireless helpfulness of my new Coloured and African friends who took us, perfect strangers, immediately into their homes, hearts, and lives.

June 17. The ship's doctor tells me we are now in the Antarctic Ocean, and when we turn up the east coast we shall be in the Indian Ocean. Pauli is picking up geography the easy way.

Mrs. G., who is going on to East London in the ship, says she is glad I bought warm clothes for Pauli. It is cold upcountry now, and so many people not used to the climate contract pneumonia. The days are warm but the air is cold and thin and very dangerous. Many actors and others coming out from England come down with pneumonia in Johannesburg, and Boucher and Fred Terry died of it. So I will be warned.

Pauli finally heard the story behind Mrs. G.'s limp today. She is quite lame, and Pauli has been imagining all kinds of fantastic reasons for the deformity, to fit her romantic

to health,—that is, the white man's health. . . . The Rev. W. E. Robinson, a Missionary of Durban, said: 'There are 30,000 people of all races in Durban who are housed in improper and unsanitary conditions. *As many as 11 children often live in one room.*'" From *South of the Congo*, by Selwyn James, published by John Long, Ltd.

background. She disillusioned him, however: It seems she was walking along the street in East London and accidentally put her foot in an open sewer hole, fell, and broke her hip. "At my age," she said in disgust, "after all I've been through, to break my leg in a sewer!"

Made friends with an African nursemaid who came aboard at Capetown, in charge of some white children. She is from St. Helena, is black, pleasant, and intelligent. She was telling me how the South Africans keep trying to pit the Cape Coloured against the Natives, impressing the former with the idea that they are better than the blacks—more "European"—keeping them in separate schools, in separate living areas. "But," says my nurse friend shrewdly, "they take care not to give the Coloured any real rights and privileges to mark their so-called superiority over the Native, and finally the Coloured are beginning to understand this."

She told me that when her sister finished her long and difficult training as a nurse, and hung up her sign in Jappe, the Coloured people tore it down at night and stoned her house. "They weren't going to have any black nurse." Her sister persisted, and now she is very successful, and all the Coloured people and Natives come to her, thankfully. The Coloured people tell her they often wonder why they stoned her when she first came.

This nursemaid told me many terrible stories about the brutality of the Boers (white South Africans with Dutch ancestry) in their treatment of the Africans. There are many accounts in the South African newspapers (white) deploring just such cruelties as she describes. She says it is impossible to believe that human beings could be so savage, so barbarous. She hates and fears them.

We leave the ship tomorrow at Port Elizabeth. Bokwe cabled that he will meet us there.

It is strange that during all our long leisurely days and conversations on this ship, no white person has discussed the all-important Native question. It must surely be dynamite.

June 19. Bokwe and Max Yergan met us when the ship docked yesterday. Bokwe was even nicer than I remembered him, and Pauli and I liked Dr. Yergan on sight. Big Paul knows Yergan, and I have heard about him for years, but somehow had never met him. He has been out here with his family for more than thirteen years, doing student Y.M.C.A. work all over Africa. His central office is at Fort Hare, in Alice.

Bokwe is delighted that we are in good time for his wedding, which is to be on the twenty-fourth, at Grahams-town.

We four spent a busy morning in Port Elizabeth: did the inevitable shopping; saw the famous Snake Farm, which I didn't like very much; visited Mr. Simpson's African school; and then went out to lunch at New Brighton, the Native location outside Port Elizabeth.

New Brighton is 'built—if one may say it is built at all—on a former sea bed. It is still damp, and the ground has not been filled in, but is made of stones and pebbles. It overlooks the sea and is a village of small one-story two- and three-room shacks, built entirely of corrugated iron; terribly hot in summer, bitterly cold in winter, and frightfully depressing.

We lunched in one of the little shacks, and five minutes after we had met our host and his friends, we had forgotten all about the house, the Location, and its ugliness—and were deep in an interesting discussion about the forthcoming all-African convention to be held at Bloemfontein, the Orange Free State, within ten days. It will be attended by representatives from African organizations all over South Africa, and is the second such convention to be held.

The conversation was very stimulating. I am surprised and delighted to find these Africans far more politically aware than my fellow Negroes in America. They understand their situation and the causes for the terrible conditions under which they live, and are continually seeking—and are firmly resolved to find—a way to improve their lot.

I got some photographs of the location and of the pathetic shacks. Had a talk with the inevitable white superintendent, a South African leatherneck: "I daresay you are surprised at the poor conditions you find here," said he. I said I certainly was, and he explained that it was because of the poor wages. Now explain the poor wages, I thought.

We said good-bye to our new friends at New Brighton after arranging to meet again at the convention. Then we set out in Dr. Yergan's car for Grahamstown and Alice.

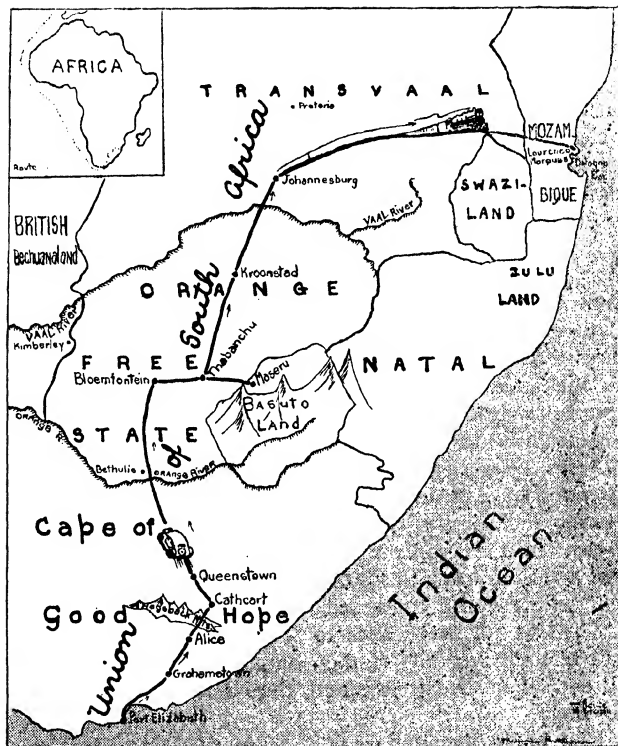
This was our first glimpse of inland South Africa: lonely hills and lovely valleys with cattle grazing in the spacious pastureland; table mountains one to two thousand feet above sea level; isolated farms surrounded by their miles and miles of land. And on the roads, Africans walking, Africans struggling with ox carts (the usual means of transport in the immense areas where there are no railroads); an occasional car near the towns and villages; and dust.

We stopped to eat, to rest, stretch our legs. We had tea on the grass—veldt they call it here. Saw the huge cacti and the rare scrubby pines.

About four miles outside of Grahamstown we picked up two African women from a car which was stalled on the road. They left a young man to watch the car while we all drove into town and sent a tow. Bokwe and Yergan tell me that road courtesy is real and necessary out here, where distances are so great and traffic so scarce. Yergan said he was once delayed for a day and a half on a road in Basutoland, for lack of petrol.

We arrived in Grahamstown at dark, put the women down at a place convenient for them, picked up Bokwe's car, and drove right on to Alice.

June 22. Alice is a very small town where two important African Mission schools are located, Lovedale and Fort Hare. Lovedale is kindergarten through high school, with about a thousand students. Fort Hare is college, with about two hundred students.



Zach Matthews teaches Bantu Studies (anthropology) at Fort Hare, and lives with his wife Frieda (Bokwe's sister) and their children in a very attractive house in the college grounds. Max Yergan lives with his wife Susie and their children in another attractive house on college ground, near his central office.

We stayed part of the time with the Matthews' and part of the time with the Yergans; both families made us very welcome and more than comfortable. It was wonderful for Pauli to find children to play with. And such children: clever, bright, smiling, beautifully brought up. They were lovely to him, and he in turn adored them.

June 26. These last few days have been absolutely packed. First there was Bokwe's wedding in the Grahamstown Cathedral. Irene, the bride, is a Grahamstown girl, and they were married by the Dean himself. We all drove over for the ceremony, which came off beautifully. Bokwe was very smart in his formal English morning dress, and Irene was beautiful in white satin.

From the cathedral we went to the reception, which was attended by Africans and Europeans as well, at the community hall in the Grahamstown Location. There were toasts, and the Dean made a charming speech. Then there was a luncheon which lasted for hours, and finally a dance and supper which continued till four in the morning.

Then we all drove back to Alice, the bride and groom still in their wedding clothes, and began the celebrations all over again in Ntselemantzi, the Native location outside the town.

Here in Ntselemantzi we saw a few of the African customs: The bride was praised by the poet, a Native from Transkei who is a student at Lovedale. The people formed a ring around the bride and groom, who sat on a bench; the poet stood in the centre orating, praising the bride's beauty and character. All during his reading the people commented aloud, approvingly.

Then the newly married couple had to walk the length of the village so the groom could show his bride to his people. Girls and young women went before and behind them, "clapping the bride" first to the women, then to the men. When they arrived at the "place of the women," all the women formed a circle around the bride, clapping hands and dancing. Old women danced too, lightly and well. The steps were probably the foundation steps of our Charleston and shuffle, with intricate and imaginative additions. The bride then dropped money to the women and was clapped down to the men, where the same thing took place.

There was a mighty feast: A cow, sheep, goat, and even a bullock (very special) had been killed for the wedding. Frieda, Mrs. Moroka, and I peeped into the huge cooking pots—filled with meat, samp, pudding—steaming merrily over fires on the ground, and tended by the old women.

I was anxious to see as many details of this village location as possible. Frieda took me down to the cattle kraals, usually the "men's place." They are quite near the huts and are large long oval spaces surrounded by shoulder-high fences made of dried branches and twigs, with no roof. The cattle are driven into these kraals at night. There were smoking fires in every kraal.

We went into some of the huts: no windows, no light at all; rough camp beds, cots, pallets on the floor. No sanitation, no water. The lucky ones have a candle or an oil lamp. There is no paving anywhere in Ntselemantzi.

Yet the Africans who live here must have permission from the government to do so. Every male of eighteen years or over living in this location must pay the government \$5.00 a year poll tax, \$3.75 a year hut tax, \$3.00 a year ground rent, \$1.25 a year dog tax, and \$0.25 per head per month cattle dipping tax.¹

¹ Natives in South Africa paid in one year a total of £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000) in poll and hut taxes only. (These and all other money figures have been translated into dollars and cents at pre-war exchange rates. The present war has had little effect on rates of exchange as far as this matter is concerned.)

To meet all these taxes and to feed and clothe his family and educate his children (no education is free for Africans in South Africa), the man must of course find work. The average and usual work he can find is as herdboys at twenty-five cents a week and domestic service at fifty cents a week. Or he can go to work in the mines at fifteen dollars per month. But this he hates to do because it means he must be away from his family from nine to eleven months, doing dangerous and backbreaking work. Out of these magnificent wages he must pay the expenses of transportation to and from the mines, and the inevitable pass fees. These expenses and fees often eat up 15 to 20 per cent of his total wages.

Before we left Alice, Dr. Yergan took me to see another location near by, called Burns Hill. This was a little way out of the town, on a barren bit of ground, and was less crowded than Ntselemantzi.

All during our visit, at the Matthews' and at the Yergans', there were illuminating and stimulating conversations. Frieda Matthews and Susie Yergan do social service work among the women. Bokwe is beginning his practice of medicine, following his graduation from Edinburgh. Matthews had studied anthropology at Yale and at the London School of Economics. Yergan was a graduate of Springfield College, Springfield, Massachusetts. Students and friends from all over South Africa came to visit and to talk.

The conversation ranged widely: African education (the lack of it) and how to enlarge and improve it immediately and practically. The somewhat better state of Negro education in America, and how to improve and enlarge that in the southern states. The political position of the Negro and the African, and what could be done to improve it. Conditions in India, and what could be done to win its independence. (Yergan had recently been to India and had had long talks with Nehru.) Italy's activities in Ethiopia, and how they would eventually affect us all. Japan's activities in Manchuria. The deeply disturbing conditions in Spain. The still

more disturbing conditions in Germany, and the possibility of the return to Germany of her former African colonies. The complacency of the European powers and the ever-growing ineffectuality of the League of Nations.

And the one hopeful light on the horizon—the exciting and encouraging conditions in Soviet Russia, where for the first time in history our race problem has been squarely faced and solved; where for the first time the fine words of the poets, philosophers, and well-meaning politicians have been made a living reality: Robert Burns’ “A man’s a man for a’ that”; France’s “*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*”; America’s “All men are created equal” and “are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” All these grand ideas and statements have been hauled down from the dusty reference shelves at the back of men’s minds and have been put into active, vigorous, successful practice by the Russians, so that men and women and children of all races, colours, and creeds walk the streets and work out their lives in dignity, safety, and comradeship.

Big talk, challenging ideas, enthralling discussions. The walls of our world moved outward, and we caught a glimpse of things in the large. Maybe we didn’t solve anything. Maybe we couldn’t. But at least we could know what was going on. To be aware was to be alive.

And I thought as I talked and listened, These Africans, these “primitives,” make me feel humble and respectful. I blush with shame for the mental picture my fellow Negroes in America have of our African brothers: wild black savages in leopard skins, waving spears and eating raw meat. And we, with films like *Sanders of the River*, unwittingly helping to perpetuate this misconception. Well, there will be no sequel to *Sanders*!

Pauli was learning too. The children plied him with questions, and he them. The children spoke beautiful English, and Pauli learned a little of the local language, Xosa, and was delighted when he mastered some of the difficult clicks. There were all kinds of new games.

Mornings before breakfast at the Yergans', Charles and his father would play deck tennis against Pauli and me on their well-kept lawn. We were fairly evenly matched, and soon it became a matter of family challenge: Yergans versus Robesons. It was wonderful exercise in the clear cold morning air and made breakfast more than a routine meal.

Much, much too soon the time to move on arrived. Matthews and Yergan were going to the Bloemfontein Convention, and it was agreed that Yergan would take Pauli and me with him in his car.

One thing had been disturbing me. Before I came to realize that Africans, with their exquisite politeness, will give you things you admire, I had been vocal about my admiration for the lovely beadwork I had seen. So Frieda made a collection of it for me; a beautiful Swazi wedding headdress and train; an interesting Bechuana navy-and-white belt; a fascinating black-and-white Xosa collar; some Zulu pieces from Natal; and several "aprons." She had made the collection as representative as possible, each piece was typical and beautiful, and so woven as to look and feel and wear like material. To me it was priceless—a museum collection, and I would show it everywhere.

So I wanted in return to give the Matthews' a present.

"They will be hurt if you do; they will refuse it," said Yergan.

"If they get it after I've gone, they can't refuse it; and if I make it impersonal and fun, they won't be hurt," I said.

This amused Yergan, so he decided to help me select it. It had to be something that would be useful and bring pleasant memories. Finally we decided on a bicycle for young Bokwe, the son of the house who was nearly Pauli's age. A sturdy grown-up bicycle with all the gadgets, and with a bell—especially a bell. It was delivered long after we left Alice, so there was no possibility of protest.

June 26. After lunch yesterday we set out for Bloemfontein with Dr. Yergan in his car. We drove by way of the Hogsback, a great mountain ridge more than five thousand feet above sea level, and stopped for tea at the Hortons'.

Mr. Horton is the white inspector of schools hereabouts, and lives in a marvellous house on top of Hogsback. The view is incredible. Right at the end of his beautiful garden is the charming chapel where Godfrey Wilson and Monica Hunter (my classmate in anthropology in London) were married. I can't imagine a more romantic setting. The house itself is perfect, with every convenience, and the wonderful big long room which overlooks the whole valley is very peaceful. The Hortons are from Dublin. Their daughter is with them; their son has just been married and lives in Grahamstown.

After tea and a delightful visit, we continued on by way of Cathcart to Queenstown. Coming down Hogsback we saw virgin woods for the first time—matted tangle of vines, bush, trees—ancient and mossy, dusty, impenetrable, fascinating, and frightening.

The sunset was glorious, the sky beautiful, and the stars magnificent. The South African sky on a clear night is something to remember: deep dark blue, an occasional shooting star, the Milky Way really milky, and a picture-postcard moon. We could certainly see the man in the moon. Pauli said he was sure he could reach up and pat his face, and touch the stars, they seemed so near.

We arrived very late at Queenstown and slept at the Van Stabel home. The Van Stabels are Coloured, and Mr. Van Stabel is a minister.

The hospitality of these people is amazing. They turn their houses upside down to sleep people who pass through in cars. They prepare beds, prepare meals, prepare road lunches. You are supposed to bring your own blankets, because the nights are so cold. Wool is so expensive no household could afford enough blankets for the innumerable

guests. Travelling in South Africa, one always carries one's blankets and flashlight.

This morning a very interesting and attractive African lady, a Miss Soga, came to see us. She has been working with Susie Yergan among the women, and will report on this work at the Bloemfontein Convention.

We left Queenstown soon after breakfast for Bloemfontein. Leaving Cape Colony we crossed the important Orange River (important because it is the boundary between the provinces, and because the irrigation of the area depends upon it) into the Orange Free State.

On the roads we saw many Africans trudging in search of new work, trying to escape the intolerable conditions on the European farms. Whole families walking along day after day, carrying all their belongings on their heads.

"Will they find better conditions in the next place?" I asked Yergan.

"Almost surely not," he said.

Pauli and I became more and more depressed.

"Can't we do something? Can't we give them something? Would a half-crown help?"

"A half-crown (sixty-two cents) is more than a week's wages, when they get wages. Often they don't see any money at all from one year's end to the other," said Yergan.

So at the next town we changed a lot of notes into silver and, thus armed, took to the road again. We gave one charming Basuto family two half-crowns, and the man thanked us with such dignity I could have cried. The giving along the roads had to be done very tactfully, with delicacy and respect. At first the Africans looked startled and incredulous, then thanked us seriously, happily, and with great dignity.

Occasionally on the roads we passed families of poor whites, usually Boers, trekking in their ox carts. They had made a failure of their last place and were moving on to find new land to waste and exhaust. Their faces were often wild, unkempt, and vacant, rather like roaming house

animals. It is said they are lazy, shiftless, and ignorant, but these accusations are familiar to us. The same things are said about Negroes, to ease the consciences of those who grind us down. The same economic exploitation accounts for the desperate plight of Negroes and poor whites.

It is very difficult to find authentic information about these poor whites. The historians and statisticians—their more fortunate white brothers—are probably too ashamed to set down the unpleasant and degrading facts about them in black and white. There are more than 220,000 of them in South Africa who are unable to equip themselves for modern competition in labour.

All through this spacious country there are European farms: neat, well-built white farmhouses nestling in the most sheltered spots in the wide valleys, with the equally neat, well-built outbuildings near by for cattle, fowl, and for storage. Definitely and considerably removed from the group of buildings are the dirty, ramshackle huts which house the farmer's Native labour. Always the cattle, chicken, and dogs are far better housed than the African worker.¹

Once we skirted a small branch line of a railroad for a few miles. Beside the tracks at regular intervals we noticed little shelters made of corrugated iron, shaped like tents. The Natives working on the railway beds live in these, sometimes three or four to a shelter. I have never seen anything

¹ A white South African investigating committee has this to say about conditions on the farms: "But in far too many cases the farmer takes little interest in the welfare of his Natives, and as a class the farm labourers are generally underpaid and miserably housed and fed. . . . When one considers that a farmer will place in sole charge of a 'boy' 1,000 or more sheep, worth perhaps \$5,000, and pay him \$1.75 to \$3.75 per month (the committee was optimistic) and provide him with a house, in many cases not sufficiently decent for a favourite dog, it is not to be expected that the servant will take that interest in his master's property that he would if it were otherwise. . . . It is clear that to some extent the remedy for the alleged scarcity and inefficiency of farm labour lies in the hands of the farmers themselves. Better treatment, fair wages and proper accommodations would, no doubt, go far to solve the labour problem on many South African farms." From *The South African Natives*, edited by the South African Native Races Committee, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 1909.

more primitive, not even in the shantytowns in America during the depression.

And then we saw our first "mine train," filled with Africans going up to Johannesburg for a term in the mines. These are the lucky ones who do not have to walk at least part of the way. They have been recruited from all over the countryside, and are now hanging out of windows, filling their eyes with a last picture of their home area which they are leaving for nearly a year.

In the Orange Free State ("What's free about it?" asks Pauli) the locations are quite different from those we saw in the Cape. They are a little nearer the white towns and villages, and are small and crowded, with no gardens and no cattle, because there is no land for planting or grazing. The Africans have here no interest or recreation of any kind. They have only their work in domestic service, on the farms, or on the railway beds.

And so we came into the urban location outside Bloemfontein, where more than 18,000 Africans live. The first thing we saw in approaching the location was a large open city drain, right in the middle of the road.

Dr. Moroka came to fetch us in his new Hudson Terraplane, with the gears on the steering wheel (like the one I drove in Hollywood when we made the film *Show Boat*). Dr. Yergan had appointments and work in the location, in preparation for the convention, so he turned us over to Dr. Moroka, who took us out to his beautiful home at Thaba N'Chu, the Native reserve forty-five miles out of Bloemfontein.

Dr. Moroka is something special: He is forty-five, handsome, intelligent, interesting, and with an extremely attractive personality. He is a graduate from Edinburgh in medicine; specialized in surgery in Vienna, Paris, and Berlin. He is very well trained and loves his work.

They tell me in the early days Dr. Moroka's grandfather was the Paramount Chief in this section, and when the

Vortrekkers (Boers) came he treated them kindly. They later repaid his kindness by betrayal. When the question of the succession arose, there were two sons, one of whom the old Chief especially favoured. The Dutch deliberately worked on behalf of the other son, creating and widening a breach among the people.

Dr. Moroka's father, Chief Moroka, had held all the land around Thaba N'Chu for his tribe, the Barolong, and had himself settled his people on farms before the white man came. Dr. Moroka is the traditional chief of the tribe. His sister is married to a sub-chief of the Bechuana and lives near Serowe. His wife, whom we met in Alice, is an extremely handsome and charming woman. They have one child, a three-year-old son named Kenosi (which means: I am alone.)

I asked if Dr. Moroka's father, Chief Moroka, had owned all the land hereabouts. "Owned?" they asked in surprise, "No. No one *owns* land. *The land belongs to the tribe*, and the current chief is merely the *custodian* for it."

The idea of individual and private ownership of land is wholly foreign to African thought. Land is to be *used*, not to be *owned*.

This fact has created grave misunderstanding all over Africa. If white men came as friends to the territory of a chief, and he decided to make them welcome and allow them to remain, he gave the white man the *use* of houses and land. This was merely customary traditional African hospitality.

If the white men gave the chief some present, large or small, money or gadgets, in return for his hospitality, this too was merely customary. The chief was sure he had given the guests only the *use* of the houses and land. In fact, that was all he could give. The land belonged to the tribe and could never be alienated, in whole or in part, from the tribe. The white man was equally sure he had *bought* the land, had paid for it (paid very, very little, to be sure), and therefore *owned* it.

This was one of the great differences in thought and intention which has wrought such havoc to African society.

For the land, the system of land tenure is the very foundation of traditional African society. The land is economic and moral security.

"The land question is a fundamental one for government in Africa. It is fundamental economically, because the Africans are normally an agricultural and pastoral people. But in a deeper sense it is fundamental also to the moral and social order of the tribes. In tribal life the authority of the chief derives mainly from three things—his position as custodian (not owner) of the tribal land, as rain-maker, and as vital link between the tribe's dead, living, and unborn members. The tribe does not consist of its living representatives alone, but includes as integral parts their ancestors and their posterity. With the ancestral dead the tribesmen believe themselves to be in constant touch; for those dead are tenants of the places where they lie buried. On the approval and disapproval of the ancestors are based the sanctions which preserve both the moral structure of the individual and the social structure of the community. And in order to benefit fully from the guidance and control of the great departed, the tribe must needs have access to their burial places or at least to shrines in the lands they occupied. . . . To evict members of a tribe from the lands of their fathers is thus not merely to deprive them of their customary livelihood, but to excommunicate them from their church, to isolate them from the only intimate spiritual influences that they know . . . to undermine the whole social fabric that supports them."¹

"The idea is very prevalent that because the majority of the Negro and negroid peoples of Africa are in a condition which we call rather loosely 'primitive,' there is no such thing as a law of (land) tenure, because it is unwritten, and that African governing institutions do not exist. This is an altogether erroneous view. In point of fact, not only is

¹ From *The Duty of Empire*, by Leonard Barnes, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1935, pp. 128-29.

there a real system of African tenure, but it is an infinitely better, sounder, healthier system than that which the British people tolerate and suffer from in their own country. To most Englishmen this statement will appear absurd. It is, however, strictly accurate. . . . 'I conceive that land belongs to a vast family, of which many are dead, few are living, and countless numbers are yet unborn.' That picturesque phrase, which fell from the lips of a dignified African ruler, examined by the West African Lands Committee, symbolises the entire philosophy of African social life, political, economic and spiritual. The fundamental conception underlying native tenure all over Africa . . . where the white man has not destroyed it, is that land, like air and water, is God-given, that every individual within the community has a right to share in its bounties provided he carries out his social and political obligations to the community of which he forms a part; that in the community as a whole is vested the ownership of the land, and that consequently the individual member of the community cannot permanently alienate the land he occupies or uses. . . . Whether the smaller or the larger social organization be regarded as the landowning unit, the same common principle permeates the social structure and lies at the root of all social philosophy. . . . Under this system no member of an African community is ever in want. If a member of an African family—using the word in its African signification (community)—emigrates for a time, his heritage in the land is waiting for him when he returns. No man starves or can starve. There are no paupers in Africa except where the white man has created them."¹

June 28. Today was such a perfect day, I feel I must set it down in my diary before I go to bed. I might forget some of it, and that would be a great waste.

Dr. Moroka took us to Basutoland for the day. His young brother Gideon, Dr. Yergan, and Mr. Moshaloga (a young Basuto teacher staying here) went with us in the car.

¹ From *Black Man's Burden*, by E. D. Morel, published by B. W. Buebsh, Inc., New York, 1920.

First we went to pay our respects to Doctor's aunt, his father's sister. She is a marvellous old lady of eighty-eight, over six feet tall with a most beautiful carriage. She carries a long staff and moves slowly with great dignity. Her name is Matsepinare Moroka. Her brother, R. Setlogelo, is Doctor's uncle, and was also a graduate from Edinburgh in medicine. Her son is Chief Tsepinare, whose picture hangs on the wall of her house. He has a fine strong Mongolian face, was a great fighter and looks it, and was a real leader of his people.

Leaving Thaba N'Chu we drove out through the flat countryside, which was originally part of Basutoland but is now owned as farms by Boers. It is level fertile land, famous for potatoes. The Boers said this land was too good for the natives, and drove them back into the hills and mountains of the present Basutoland.

In Basutoland nearly everyone we saw—men, women, and children—were on horseback. They ride very well indeed. The horse is their only means of transport. Nearly everyone wears the typical Basuto blanket and big grass hat.

Soil erosion is everywhere. The rain comes down in torrents, they tell me, and washes the soil from the slopes, making them unfit for agriculture.

We passed the huge leper colony. Doctor tells me there are about five thousand lepers there. They have their own churches, schools, etc., and intermarry, but their children are taken from them at birth. Leprosy is not considered a hereditary disease. Doctor says leprosy is indigenous to Africa, but syphilis and tuberculosis are not, and these two diseases are the great tragedy of the people. They have no immunity and no knowledge of hygiene, and no money with which to carry out the knowledge if they get it.

On past a Native Roman Catholic settlement run by Jesuits from Canada, with a big school and church. Church was just letting out as we passed, so we stopped and I photographed some of the children.

The car kept climbing into the heart of Basutoland, six

thousand feet and higher into mountains as lovely as Switzerland but more lonely. We passed through Maseru on to Matsieng, the Paramount Chief's village. The Chief himself was ill, but we paid our respects to his son, a pleasant young man about twenty-five or thirty years old. He was shy but cordial, and seemed delighted and interested to see us. He presented me with a lovely Basuto grass hat which fits me perfectly. (I had forgotten the custom, and had admired it.)

Matsieng was most interesting, and I took many pictures. More than six thousand feet above sea level, it nestles under the shelter of a still higher mountain. The huts are built of local brick, with mud between to make them fast. There are both square and round huts, beautifully built, and quite different from the others I have seen.

Moshaloga took us inside the Chief's First Wife's enclosure, which consisted of a large hut and a small one within a high fence. Malt was spread on the ground to dry in the sun. (It looked like very small peas.) There was a beautiful sturdy grain-storing basket being woven. A rich animal skin hung over the wall in the sun. The cooking pots were over the fire on the ground, being tended by a girl and two little children. They showed us the really fine shoes they make here from cowhide; they look like skin lined with fur. The old lady made us very welcome and graciously allowed me to photograph everything, but she would not be photographed herself.

We then went to a large open central kraal which serves both as a court of justice and a cattle kraal.

Matsieng is Moshaloga's home, and he was welcomed everywhere as "Teacher." He speaks English perfectly and explained everything as we went along. He took us to his home, to his "old people," for lunch. Their cottage was very plain but well built and immaculate. His parents were warm and friendly, the lunch excellent. Also at lunch was a young man, the agricultural demonstrator of the district, who was teaching the women how to improve their crops and their

cattle. He was eager and interested, and took me off to a meeting of the women at the hall, and I had to speak. They were all keen, earnest, friendly; I enjoyed them very much indeed.

As we took our leave, Pauli gave the Sesuto (Basuto language) farewell and thank you, which he had taken great pains to learn from Moshaloga. The people were surprised and delighted to hear him speak even these few words of their language. As we left Matsieng two jaunty Basuto horsemen, in blankets and grass hats, rode along beside us in farewell for quite some time.

We drove home through a magnificent sunset—golden sky rapidly changing and darkening, with an unearthly yellow glow behind the mountains after the sun had gone; the lovely grey-blues of the clouds, then the sudden dark, with the air fine and thin and very cold.

When we arrived we had an excellent supper in the handsome Moroka dining room and afterwards moved to the drawing room for gay, stimulating conversation before an open fire. My friends made several things clear to me:

One can't talk about Africa as a whole, because Africa isn't a whole. It is a kind of political meat loaf made of a great many different ingredients.

There are North Africa (Mediterranean Africa), East, West, Central, and South Africa—all ruled in quite different ways by quite different European nations.

South Africa is in turn divided into Northern Rhodesia, a protectorate under Great Britain; Southern Rhodesia, a semi-dominion under Great Britain; Angola, on the west coast, and Mozambique, on the east coast, both Portuguese colonies; tiny Swaziland, slightly larger Basutoland, and much larger Bechuanaland—all High Commission territories under Great Britain; Southwest Africa (formerly a German colony), a mandate under the Union of South Africa; and finally, the self-governing Union of South Africa, a dominion of Great Britain, and in turn made up of four

units: Cape Province, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal.

One thing that is true on the whole, though, is that Africa is ruled by conquest, by the European white minority. In the Union of South Africa the largest and most important (politically) white elements are British and Dutch (Boer). The Dutch attitude toward the African has been clearly stated in a clause from the original constitution of the Transvaal: "There shall be no equality between black and white either in church or state." The British attitude was expressed by Cecil Rhodes when he said: "Equal rights for all *civilized* men south of the Zambesi (River)." Of course the trick is to decide what civilized means.

In general the Union of South Africa can be said to be committed to the Dutch rather than to the British attitude toward the African. In other parts of South Africa under British rule, the somewhat less harsh British attitude obtains.

All the provinces in the Union of South Africa are white worlds, in spite of the fact that there are only 2,003,512 white people in a total population of 9,588,665. The High Commission Territories of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland are, on the other hand, black worlds.

The 560,000 Basutos live on 11,716 square miles of their ancestral lands, which are "protected" by Britain. Their traditional chiefs, although they have no actual legislative powers, still have jurisdiction over them. All the land is in Native occupation with the exception of small plots for trading stations, mission stations, etc. The only Europeans in Basutoland are the British Government officials, missionaries, and traders.

Basutoland presents the prettiest picture of the territories largely because of the strong sense of nationality which has been an important feature of Basuto history under, and since, the rule of Moshesh—their brilliant, powerful, and beloved chief—and because of the people's firmly fixed ideal of independence which they have persistently refused to relinquish. Basutoland finally accepted political control

by Britain as the price for protection, but retained the right to regulate domestic affairs from within by their traditional authorities, subject only to advice from without.

June 29. During the school vacation time Dr. Moroka keeps open house. Now his home is filled with students who live too far away to go home for the holidays. There are three young men at table, besides Moroka, his brother Gideon, Yergan, and myself. Doctor's wife is still visiting in Alice. The children and women of the household eat elsewhere, as is the custom.

All the young men are interesting. The Mukami (King) Gaseitsiwe, fifteen-year-old chief of the Bechuana, for whom the famous Tshekedi is regent, is at Fort Cox Agricultural Training School and will finish in June; a fine young man, intelligent, shy, charming. There is Seretse Khama, Paramount Chief (King) of the Bamangwato, grandson of the great Khama. And Moshaloga, our young Basuto teacher. All keen, adventurous-minded, delightful company. They all want to hear about America, about England, about universities abroad (kings do not leave their ancestral lands, according to African custom), about Negroes everywhere, and about Big Paul. They seem to like everything they have heard about him, and they have heard a lot. They are eagerly interested in Pauli. He is the future, they say.

They tell me all about their own problems: They are studying scientific agriculture, learning how to counteract the discouraging soil erosion, how to irrigate desert areas (a great part of Bechuanaland is in the Kalahari Desert), how to protect cattle from the disease which ravage the herds. They are learning how to improve the health of their people, and how to protect themselves from at least some of the exploitation.

Yergan tells me the African pays \$5.50 to the trader for a bag of mealies (corn) to *eat*, while the European farmers pay \$1.25 to the same trader for a bag of the same mealies *for their cattle*.

The general conversation is about education, as is natural among students. Many Africans are of necessity educated abroad, at universities in the British Isles, America, France, Germany, and Japan. It is enormously interesting to hear their accounts of the widely varying treatment they receive at the hands of the people in these different countries, from government officials, university faculties, student bodies, and the people-in-the-street. These accounts are revealing, and would surely make the people in those proud countries sit up and take notice!

The African student cannot understand, however hard he tries, why the European continues to insist that his (the African's) mind is inferior. "We go to their universities," they say, "we master their most highly scientific and philosophic subjects. We do this through the medium of a strange language, under trying conditions of strange customs, climate, clothing, and food, to say nothing of loneliness and social ostracism. On the other hand the European comes out here to our country, and has the utmost difficulty in learning our language and understanding our laws and customs—though we understand theirs quite easily. Of course we realize that they probably regard our language, laws, and customs as inferior and unimportant, and therefore need not bother to learn or understand them. Yet this attitude in itself is remarkably unintelligent, because the lack of knowledge and understanding makes their task of governing and exploiting us all the more difficult and complicated."

I said: "The European merely *says* he is superior—says it loudly, insistently, regularly. This does not make him so, scientifically. He has never proved himself superior. He has only proved himself *stronger*, with more force at his command. If military strength is the sole criterion of superiority, then definitely he is superior."

It seems that Edinburgh is a favourite university for African students from South Africa, especially for those who study medicine. This is because of the happy

history and experience of the Scottish missionaries out here.

As early as 1812 they established a mission in South Africa, and this mission was the forerunner of Lovedale, the Scottish Presbyterian Missionary Institute, established in 1841 at Alice, which is now the centre for Native education.

I can understand the success of the Scots, having seen and known some of them in Scotland. I find them solid, sound, simple, friendly, democratic people, with good honest minds, a delightful sense of humour, and warm hearts.

June 30. One of Moroka's white farm overseers came in this morning—a big Boer ruffian. Doctor sent him to the kitchen. This tickled Pauli and me. Doctor says the white farmers used to make him sick, always talking about "these Kaffirs" (in American "niggers"), and that finally he told them angrily: "What is this Kaffir, Kaffir, Kaffir? Baas (Boss) is Kaffir, Doctor is Baas," and they stopped it.

Today we went again to Basutoland, this time to see the white folks in Maseru, the bigish town which houses the parliament buildings, schools, and churches. As we entered Maseru we passed a police court in session, where cases were being tried in the open. The British district commissioner was in charge, and was flanked by Basuto government clerks and lawyers. The Basuto police and prisoners sat facing the "bench."

Our first stop was at the government-aided school. We called on Mr. Bull the white official for the schools here. The Bulls live in a lovely house, from the veranda of which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Mr. Bull was cordial and charming, and showed me a very fine collection of photographs of local interest. He tells me that Basutoland has as its main resources wool, mohair, and very fine wheat, but that wool is the most important. Gideon Moroka tells me there is also coal and gold here. He says that while the people are poor, they are virile and prolific.

We went on to the residency. It seems that Mr. Richards, His Honour the Resident Commissioner, had heard of my earlier visit to Matsieng, and wanted a chat with me. We found him to be a tall shy quiet Englishman who had served for years in Tanganyika and Kenya before coming down here. His wife is young, very pretty, vivacious, chic, and charming. Their only child, Joanna, is an extremely friendly little girl of five; she wore riding breeches under her frock and lives on her pony. She was adorable with Pauli, rushing to get all her toys for him, taking him by the hand to show him all around. Mrs. Richards told me Joanna had been stricken with appendicitis when she was three and a half, and that they were terrified. She was operated on most successfully here at Maseru, and is now well and strong and happy.

The Residency is a magnificent bungalow—huge, rambling, beautifully built, with a glorious view of Lancers Pass, the famous break in the mountain range so dear to the heart of every Basuto. When I admired the house, Mrs. Richards showed me through: a long wide cool spacious room which opens on to the veranda, which in turn gives on to courtyards and gardens, open at the far end, looking right out over the panorama of snow-clad mountain peaks and high level ground. The room itself is restful and lovely, and furnished with quiet good taste. We saw the guest suite, where the Prince of Wales stayed when he came this way. It is a wing made into a sort of flat, so the guest, royal or otherwise, can be alone and luxuriously comfortable, yet right in the house.

Back in the drawing-room we had drinks, cigarettes, and a friendly chat, just as we would have had in London. Mr. Richards treated me exactly as he probably treats any other visitor from abroad—with irreproachable courtesy and hospitality. They asked Pauli and me to sign the visitors' book, which we did.

There are innumerable African servants about the residency, all very pukka in their white suits with red sashes,

Indian fashion. (All the Europeans I have visited in South Africa have magnificent houses, large staffs of servants, and every evidence of luxury. It is ironic that the African pays for this luxury.)

We made our farewells, rejoined Yergan and Moshaloga, and took a walk about the town. We came upon a crowd of Basutos waiting their turn outside the dispensary. They pay an inclusive fee of twenty-five cents, for which they receive attention and treatment, and surgery if necessary.

Through Moshaloga I asked permission of the crowd to make photographs, which permission was readily and cheerfully granted. In return I asked if I might give everybody his or her hospital fee, and this was accepted with surprised, delighted, grateful dignity. And then we went home to Moroka's.

The convention at Bloemfontein was impressive. Representatives from all over South Africa attended. The delegates were serious, able, aware. While they were reasonable, they were determined to find some way to improve their situation. The discussions were informative, and the suggestions practical and constructive. I had long talks with Miss Soga, whom I had met at Queenstown; she is a fine Xosa type, and belongs to the Tembus, the royal clan of the Xosa tribe. She is deeply interested and very active in social work, and is doing a great deal to organize the women. I met with the women's section of the convention for two hours on the last night. We discussed diet, child welfare, and women's organizations in other parts of the world. They asked about the National Council of Women in America, about women's organizations in England, about Negro women everywhere. I told them all I knew (privately regretting bitterly that I did not know more) and promised to collect data for them on these matters.

My only disappointment at Bloemfontein (it certainly sounds ungrateful to even mention any disappointment in this wonderful visit) was my inability to arrange my hoped-

for meeting with Tshekedi in Bechuanaland. My African friends, who have unequalled natural active hospitality, did all they could to arrange it, but it just wasn't in the cards. So instead they told me again the story of Tshekedi, and I found it tallied closely with the one I knew already:

In 1933 there was an exciting account in the London newspapers of what later came to be known as "The Tshekedi Incident." The British public was informed that one Tshekedi, an African Regent in Bechuanaland, had flogged a white man, a British subject, *in public*, and there was imminent danger of a Native uprising against the whites. The famous "Evans of the Broke," a popular military hero, was sent post-haste into Serowe, the capital of the Protectorate, to "restore and maintain order." The British public (and especially all the Coloured people in Europe) waited breathlessly for news of the threatened uprising. Nothing happened. The "Incident" eventually petered out into obscurity, and the British public forgot about it. But the Coloured people did not forget about it. They wondered and, with them, the legend of Tshekedi grew. I knew it as follows:

It seems a white man had been causing a lot of trouble in Bechuanaland—breaking laws (European and Native), selling liquor, interfering with women, and impairing the morals of the Africans. Tshekedi had remonstrated with him many times, to no avail. He appealed unofficially and officially to the missionaries, local white government representatives in his territory, and finally to the Colonial Office in London—to punish this man and remove him from the Protectorate. To no avail. Then Tshekedi sat himself down and thought: What can I do to get rid of this white man? I don't want to kill him, I just want him to leave my country. What can I do to make him go? I know, I'll whip him publicly, and that will be such a disgrace that he will leave. So the Regent called together all his tribe and had the white man flogged in the public square.

Then all the white men in the territory, profoundly shocked and frightened at this terrible impertinance, set up a howl. How dare a Native, even a chief, flog a white man? It simply can't be done. (But it *had* been done.) Why, he might flog us all. Then what would happen to our white superiority? He might kill us all. He must be punished (the presumptuous chief, not the culprit). So having reasoned themselves into a fine state of fear and hysteria, they called for military help and protection from the Union of South Africa. The help came a-running, but found no "disturbance" whatsoever. The soldiers sat around a bit, armed to the teeth, while an official investigation took place.

"Why didn't you ask *us* to punish this man?" they asked Tshekedi.

"The man elected to be tried by Native court, which is his right, under your law and mine," answered Tshekedi quietly; "nevertheless, I asked the missionaries, the local commissioner, and the Colonial Office to remove him, but to no avail."

Then the white folks asked the white "victim": "Why didn't you ask us for help?"

"I preferred to take my chances with the Native court," he answered.

So what to do? Well, the white folks would have to "make an example," because after all a white man, however guilty, had been flogged in public by a Native, and you just can't let that go.

So they tried Tshekedi in a special court, found him guilty, and banished him from Bechuanaland temporarily. Temporarily, that is to say until all the excitement had died down. Then he was reinstated. And the Bechuanas are still laughing.

Lest my readers think me, a Negro, too prejudiced in my account of the "Incident," I quote verbatim another account of it recorded by a white reporter for a South African newspaper:

"Tshekedi Khama, one of Bechuanaland's ablest native chiefs, had ordered the flogging of a white man. — had

attacked a young native who had apparently attempted to interfere with a native woman with whom — was living. . . . — had been tried by native courts for seducing Bechuanaland women. He had had a child by one of them. In all the cases against him, he had agreed to be tried by the native court. In disputes between whites and blacks in Bechuanaland, the white man may have his case heard before a white magistrate if he so desires.

“Tshekedi had asked the Resident Commissioner several times to have — removed from the kraal because he believed him to be a bad influence on the natives. But the Commissioner had ignored the request. Tshekedi decided that he would convince — that he was *persona non grata*. And — stated later that he was quite satisfied with the judgment passed against him.

“A few hours after — had received his punishment, the district was alive with rumours of a big native uprising. The Bechuanas were mobilizing, the rumours said, for a showdown with the whites. . . . The white residents appealed to the authorities to call immediately for military aid, lest they all be murdered in their beds. Meanwhile, Tshekedi, — and the Bechuanas were asleep in theirs, Tshekedi hoping that — would be humiliated enough to leave the kraal in the morning, — hoping Tshekedi would allow him to stay, and the Bechuanas sleeping soundly after an exciting but rather tiring day.

“Meanwhile, Union Cabinet Ministers in Capetown talked by phone with Bechuanaland, urging the Commissioner to order armed protection. . . . A few hours later, a detachment of Royal Marines, clad in full field kit with steel helmets and several days' food rations, and three howitzer field guns manned by bluejackets, arrived in Bechuanaland. They took up positions at strategic points, waiting in expectation for a charge of black savages, brandishing their spears and screaming bloodcurdling war cries.

“Instead, they met a nation of harmless people with whom they fraternized and permitted them to inspect their rifles and howitzers. The troops remained in Bechuanaland during Tshekedi's trial, at which he was charged with

exceeding his powers. He was suspended and banished. . . . Tshekedi was thus punished not for flogging a white man *wrongfully*—a man who had upset tribal life in the kraal—but because he had flogged a white man. Such a precedent could not go unpunished. Other Chiefs with other white men living in their kraals might get ideas. It was, the authorities believed, worth all the trouble of a military display, even if it did cost the taxpayers in England £4,000.

“As it happened, the British man-in-the-street didn’t agree with the authorities. They thought there had been too much fuss over one white man who had obviously deserved what he got. Tshekedi was subsequently reinstated after a campaign on his behalf in Britain’s liberal newspapers, and representations made to the Dominions Office in London. Thus, the ‘Incident’ flopped.”¹

I learned a great deal more about Tshekedi: He is an intelligent, determined young man just under thirty, with a forceful personality, jolly, and extremely popular with his people. He was educated at Lovedale and Fort Hare, lives well, and is a gentleman. His wife was also educated at Lovedale. Serowe, his capitol, is an African town of some forty thousand people, in the Kalahari Desert area in Bechuanaland. The people live by agriculture and cattle-raising. It is said the Europeans wanted to mine in his territory, but he refused to permit them to do so.

The legal case which Dr. Schapera had mentioned was very interesting indeed: A proclamation from the High Commissioner in 1934 defined more specifically the legal status of chiefs in the High Commission territories, setting forth the procedure to be followed in their appointment and dismissal, and providing that a chief may only be deposed by the tribe itself with the government’s consent, but

“ . . . The Bechuanaland system differs from the form adopted in most areas under indirect rule in providing that the members of a chief’s council must be explicitly

¹ From *South of the Congo*.

nominated, and can be removed by the administration. . . . The innovations were accepted by some of the chiefs, but Tshekedi Khama, the regent chief of the Ngwato, and Bathoen, the Ngwaketsi chief, not only stated their inability to comply with the terms of the proclamations, but contested their validity in a suit brought in the Special Court. . . . It was claimed that they violated rights reserved to the chiefs by treaty, and were void on the ground of uncertainty and unreasonableness. The decision of the Court was based on the legal ground that the jurisdiction of the Crown was unfettered and unlimited, and that the other issues raised did not therefore come into consideration. It is, however, clear that behind the suit lay an issue with which the court itself was unable to deal. The two chiefs have consistently urged that the system of indirect rule conflicts in practice with its proclaimed aims; based on the 'recognition' of a chief which involves the definition of his powers, it constitutes an invasion of his inherent and traditional position as the embodiment of the tribe. The most suitable relationship in African conditions in their view is that of 'parallel' rule; they admit that the final authority must rest with the controlling power, but claim that internal administration should be carried on by the chief."¹

Any fair-minded person who thinks over this brilliant and courageous stand taken by Tshekedi and his fellow chief in Bechuanaland will appreciate why he is a legend among Negroes who know about him.

July 2. Dr. Moroka and Dr. Yergan handed Pauli and me over to our new friend Dr. Xuma, for the trip to Johannesburg.

Just before we left Bloemfontein we had a satisfying telephone conversation with Paul, in London, via Capetown. The overseas operator got him within fifteen minutes. I asked him to go to Cooks' in London and buy the plane seats for our return trip from Central Africa. Everyone here says

¹ From *An African Survey*, by Lord Hailey, published by the Oxford University Press, London, Toronto, 1939.

it will be impossible for me, being coloured, to buy them on this end. Paul said he would secure definite specific reservations, pay for them on his end, then forward the tickets to me care of Cooks' in Johannesburg, where I could pick them up. His voice sounded very near and dear. Pauli gave him a fat kiss over the wires.

This travelling about Africa reminds me of travelling through the Deep South in America: You are passed from friend to friend, from car to car, from home to home, often covering thousands of miles without enduring the inconveniences and humiliations of the incredibly bad Jim Crow train accommodations and lack of hotel facilities for Negroes.

Dr. Xuma has a gorgeous new 1935 Buick, complete with balloon tyres, shock absorbers, special springs, etc. Dr. Yergan said ruefully: "This is much more suitable for you and Pauli than my modest and aged Dodge." We were indignant. That Dodge had been our friend and companion and home and steed for more than two thousand miles. Its sturdy comfort had been dependable. We had had no hint of mechanical or tyre trouble in all that long trip. We would hear no word against it.

Everyone cautioned us against Kroonstad, a very "cracker" Boer town en route to Johannesburg. Africans hate and fear this town. Dr. Yergan said he would send me a wire care of the post office there, giving me whatever news there was about a possible trip to Swaziland. I was to collect the wire and we were to go right on through the town to the location beyond.

And so, having said good-bye to our wonderful host, Dr. Moroka, and to our guardian angel, Dr. Yergan, we settled ourselves luxuriously in the new Buick with Dr. Xuma and a young relief driver, and left Bloemfontein this morning.

I shall always remember the dust of South Africa—mists of it, fogs of it, clouds of it—floods of thick red-brown and

clay-coloured dust swirling everywhere the moment you move your foot or your car. On the road you must either pass a car at once or stay well behind it, because of the curtain of dust. Unless you have a very fast car, it is safer to stay far behind if you are African, because the South African, especially the Boer, often resents being passed by an African.

We are now fairly familiar with South African roads. There are the typical ox-wagons, the usual means of transport: heavy, clumsy, lumbering wagons drawn by five yoke (pair) of oxen, often six or seven yoke. The oxen always have to be led, and African men and boys do this—one in front, guiding, often one at either side, and one at the back. These Africans *walk* most of the many miles of the trek, guiding the beasts. The roads are often obstructed by these wagons and by herds of cattle, which are always tended by African herdboys.

There are a great many gates in the roads all over South Africa. At night you must get down to open and close these gates yourself, but during the day they are opened and closed by the herdboys who are tending the cattle near by. It is customary to throw a penny, and they cup their hands to receive it with a charming smile and a dignified "Danke, Baas." We came into a large town, whose last gate was near the outskirts. Some little poor white boys had ganged the herdboys and driven them away, and were opening and closing the gate for the cars. They opened it for us, then ran along beside the car, wild looking, with staring greedy eyes. When Pauli threw the inevitable copper they shrieked: "Penny, penny, penny!" and grovelled in the dust for it. No thanks of any kind. An unpleasant sight. Where is the white prestige?

As a driver myself, the road courtesy always interests me. If a car is parked on the road, every passing car stops to be of help. They carry people on to the next town, share petrol, tow cars. This is universal—white and black. It almost amounts to an unwritten law.

Mealies (corn) grow on each side of the road—mile after mile of scrubby sun-baked wispy mealies. Dry sun-baked grass. Very few trees and those planted specially. All the trees were cut down by the early settlers and not replaced, hence the great soil erosion everywhere, and the lack of rainfall.

Hills, *kopjes*, table mountains, pyramid peaks—desolate and barren. The sun streaming down. Glare, glare, glare. Then the night winds, very cold, howling and roaring, making frightening noises. The bitter, biting cold of the thin air, once the sun has gone.

The gorgeous incredible sunsets, so spectacular that I always think of a cyclorama at the back of a theatre: brilliant gay scarlet, flame, liquid gold skies turning to dull gold, then fading to pastel pinks and blues, blues and greys, then luminous blue-grey, then the swift darkness. No twilight. Just that clarity of light, silhouette, and the sudden night.

The night skies are lovely too: clear vault of blue immediately overhead—not distant as in Europe or at home. Enormous glittering stars and the fleecy clouds, all very, very near.

We saw a mine train, this time coming up from Johannesburg with its tragic burden of Africans who have served their term in the mines. Some broken in health, some coughing, some with the beginnings of the dreaded phthisis. All exhausted, "worked out." Many hanging out of the train windows drinking in the sun and air. All with the pathetic little cash which will be eaten up by taxes and fees.

We pass the now familiar corrugated tents of the railway workers, beside the rare railroad tracks.

And the European farms, widely spaced in their miles of valleys. And always the heartbreaking sight of African families on the road, on foot, trying somehow to escape from the slavery of these farms. The father often leads the small child by the hand, in front, followed by other children and the mother, who has all their worldly possessions on her head: perhaps a crude stove, blanket, a few clothes, a

little food. They are friendly, kindly, patient, stubbornly moving on, hoping to find the next place more reasonable, more human. But of course the next place is just as bad.

The terrible labour conditions of Natives on European farms have been made legal. The Native Service Contract Act of 1932 has been called a "charter of slavery" and is exactly that:

"This Act requires that a native resident on a private farm—that is, in effect, all labour tenants—to obtain a document of identification before proceeding to any other place than his home; no one may employ a native unless his document of identification bears an endorsement by the owner of the farm on which he is resident authorizing him to seek fresh employment. . . . (The Act) permits the corporal punishment of male servants up to 18 years of age for any contravention of the Masters and Servants Acts. . . . The contract entered into by a native is binding on his children up to the age of 18 years without their consent and the penal sanctions accordingly become applicable to the whole family. It may also be remarked that the native employee is less likely to have recourse to the courts than his master, and it is pointed out that the Act makes it impossible for natives to organize to protect themselves against exploitation."¹

Every adult Native who lives as a squatter or labour-tenant on a European-owned farm (and more than two million of them must do so because Europeans have left insufficient land to the Native for living space) is liable by law to render six months' unpaid service to his landlord every year, and the six months can be made up of every other day if the landlord chooses. The Act legalizes *verbal* contracts between landlord and tenant, yet the Native must have *written* release from his landlord on his Pass before he dares leave. The Act further legalizes contracts making Native boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age liable to any kind of work in any part of the Union.

Pretty comprehensive, this Act!!

¹ From *An African Survey*, pp. 661, 663, 667.

These families on the roads, I wonder what they were thinking, what they will do? Fifty years ago these Africans lived on this very land, tilling the soil, tending their cattle, mining their metals, living a good life. Europeans took over their lands by conquest and by legal trickery, and made them slaves. For instance there was Lobengula, only sixty years ago the powerful and respected King of the Matabele, who made his first important and fatal mistake in 1888 when he granted, under pressure, what was afterwards referred to as the Rudd Concession. This concession gave to the agents of Cecil Rhodes sole control of all the minerals in his kingdom. The result of that mistake was that Matabeleland became Southern Rhodesia, and Lobengula's descendants, thirty-five years later, were reduced to petitioning King George of England for these reasons:

"The members of the late King's (Lobengula's) family, your petitioners, and several members of the tribe are now scattered about on farms so parcelled out to white settlers, and are practically created a nomadic people, under a veiled form of slavery, they being not allowed individually to cross from one farm to another, or from place to place except under a system of permit or pass, and are practically forced to do labour on these private farms as a condition of their occupying land in Matabeleland."¹

This petition is typical of the African attitude toward the European. In talking with Africans, one gets the feeling that they have confidence in the decency and dignity of human beings in general—white, yellow, and black. In spite of the shameful treatment they have received and are now receiving at the hands of the white man, they believe that what they must do is bring the facts of this treatment to the attention of other white men who, because they are human and decent and fair, will correct these injustices.

Thus Lobengula's family appealed to King George. Thus

¹ From *Black Man's Burden*.

Cetshwayo, King of the Zulus, when his kingdom was destroyed, journeyed to England and appealed directly to Queen Victoria. Thus kings and chiefs all over Africa have tried to appeal directly to the people of the home country of the invaders, the settlers, the colonists: to the people of England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Portugal.

I imagine the African's thinking runs something like this: Most of these white men who come out here to Africa are not the best men of their country, are not even the good men. If they were they would probably have stayed at home. Many of them are here because they were not respected, were unsuccessful, misfits, greedy, bad.

The same kind of thing happens in African society: A good man, respected and successful, usually remains at home to enjoy respect and success. The misfits and the bad men roam.

The African appeals to the local settlers for justice, and gets none. He then appeals to the local governments (which are, with few exceptions, white governments for the settlers) and not only does not get justice, but gets instead terrifyingly repressive laws made against him.

Still with faith in humanity, the African reasons: These are bad men, greedy, ruthless men. I will appeal to the men in the land whence they came—to the good men, respected and successful, who remained at home. They will see the injustice of my situation, and will remedy it. So he appeals to King George, to Parliaments, to Colonial Offices—to what he thinks and hopes are the "good people."

The colonist knows there are many good people in his home country in Europe who would most certainly not approve of his behaviour if they were aware of it. He has therefore steadily built up almost insuperable barriers between the African and the people of Europe. So that only very vague information is received abroad about the African—unless there is some calamitous event which cannot be entirely hidden, ignored, buried in voluminous and weighty Colonial Reports, or suavely explained away.

An example of such a calamitous event occurred in the early 1900's:

"The Congo Free State—known since August, 1908, as the Belgian Congo, is roughly 1 million square miles in extent. . . . Estimates of the population varied from 40 to 30 to 20 million. No estimates of the population fell below 20 million. In 1911 an official census was taken. It revealed that only $8\frac{1}{2}$ million people were left. The Congo system lasted for the best part of 20 years . . . and a careful study suggests that a figure of 10 million victims would be a very conservative estimate."¹

One must assume that the people of Belgium did not know how their own King and colonists were exploiting the African in the Congo, and would have seriously protested had they known. Therefore King Leopold and his colonial officials dared not publish the census figures in Belgium, the home country. When men in other countries read the figures and understood their significance, they raised a world scandal which forced King Leopold to hand over the Belgian Free State from his private personal ownership to the Belgian Government.

Who can say the African is naïve? Who can say, if the African is able to put his case clearly and *directly* before the people of Europe, *in Europe*, that normal, decent, reasonable human beings will not be revolted by the shameful injustice of his treatment? What simple honest man in England, France, America, or elsewhere wants to be thought a tyrant, a brute, a greedy ruthless destructive beast by 150 million people—black or any other colour?

And what more propitious time than now, when peoples all over the world are facing and fighting down slavery, securing forever—they hope—freedom for all men. Africans are men. That fight, that hope will be in vain if that freedom is not granted to *all* men!

¹ From *Black Man's Burden*.

Our handsome Buick rolled along beautifully until we came into Kroonstad, and there, right in the middle of the main street, one of the elegant balloon tyres blew out. While Dr. Xuma and the young driver changed the tyre, Pauli and I strolled through the town in search of the post office and Yergan's wire. It was blazing hot. We were stared at all the way by the porky, pie-faced Boers with their small eyes set close together in mean faces. The sight of the undernourished little African nurse girls carrying those over-stuffed Boer children on their backs sickened me.

Arriving at the post office, we found separate windows for Europeans and Non-Europeans, but the *Poste-Restante* was general. The ratty-faced clerk asked rudely what I wanted, staring meanwhile at Pauli. Sensing his attitude, I asked respectfully for a telegram for Robeson.

"No telegram for you," he answered immediately, without looking in the lettered boxes behind him.

I could see the yellow envelope in the box under R.

I thought, If Yergan says he'll send a wire, he'll send it.

I said, still respectfully, "But I'm expecting a telegram. If it hasn't come yet, I'll just sit and wait for it."

Taking Pauli by the hand, I went over to a bench and sat down, prepared to wait forever. The clerk glared at us, his mouth hanging open, his face slowly reddening. He flung himself over to the boxes, pulled out the yellow envelope, looked at it first on one side then on the other (I really don't think he could read), and thrust it through the window.

"Here, is this it?" he asked.

I went back to the window, read my name on the envelope, and said: "Yes, it is, thank you very much," and smiled at him. Again he glared at us, and his neck seemed to swell as the scarlet of his face slowly turned to purple. Still with Pauli's hand in mine, we left the post office.

We know this same kind of thing in our own Deep South. If Pauli and I had been ragged and black, and had said a

lot of "Yes, Sirs" and "No, Sirs" and "Thank you, Sirs," the clerk would have been condescending and pleasant and helpful, if he had felt in the mood. But we were well dressed and confident, respectful only of his government position—not of his white skin—and that made him furiously uncertain socially, and very angry. And worse, I could read. We didn't "know our place," which to the "cracker" is the unforgivable sin. Our place, of course, is at the very bottom, and very, very definitely under *him*!

Back at the place where we had left the car, we found no car. For a bad moment I was worried. This is no place to get lost in, I thought. But the sensible thing to do is to wait right here, and they will come back. Sure enough, in a few minutes Dr. Xuma drove up. When I saw the enormous relief in his face I felt guilty and repentant for the worry I had caused him. It seems the tyre was changed quickly and easily, and they drove to the post office to pick us up. Not finding us, they inquired of the clerk, who had just glared at them. Really worried, they decided to come back to the rendezvous before searching the town for us.

We drove on through the hated Kroonstad to the location outside the town, where we had dinner with a young African teacher and her mother in their neat little home. They were cordial, interesting, and eager for news of the convention and of the outside world. After a pleasant restful visit we continued on to Johannesburg.

It was nearly midnight when we arrived, and after three hundred miles of desolate veldt, the panorama of lights was beautiful. We drove through the brilliantly lighted suburbs, through the central part of the city with its wide clean streets, huge luxury cinemas, tall office buildings, and modern luxury flats with their individual balconies; on out of the city on the other side to the duller outskirts, past mountainous mine dumps to the Sofiatown Location which was our destination. And finally we went to bed, all of us very tired.

July 3. Dr. Xuma's house in Sofiatown is pleasant and comfortable. He is a young widower with two small children.

Today we saw Johannesburg again and found it more attractive, modern, clean, and spacious by daylight.

Called at Cooks' for our mail and bought tickets for the trip by train from Johannesburg down to Lourenço Marques, the Portuguese port on the southeast coast. Also bought the ship reservations for the trip up the east coast to Mombasa. And, to my vast relief, picked up the plane tickets and reservations which Paul had sent on from Cooks' in London. Bless him. Cooks' was very helpful in checking visas and giving us useful travel information.

Saw the mine dumps by daylight. They are everywhere on the outskirts of the city, beyond the beautiful European residential suburbs: Great, depressing mountains of slag—whitish looking ashy dirt and clinkers washed clean of all gold dust, and just piled up and left.

In the early evening going home we saw the dreaded pick-up vans everywhere in the streets, in the outskirts of town, and on the roads leading to the locations. The van is a cross between a dog-catcher's wagon and a police patrol wagon. Africans call it, simply, "Pick-Up." If they cannot show a pass or permit to be out on the streets, they are seized, loaded into these vans, and taken to jail. No European can be arrested without a warrant, but none is necessary to arrest an African. The accusation is decided upon *after* the arrest. They tell me it is easier to plead guilty when picked up, pay the fine, and thus avoid the return trip to court for a hearing and perhaps a much larger fine and a prison sentence.

According to the report of the Native Economic Commission for the Union of South Africa, the figures (for the Transvaal only) for the year 1930 show ". . . that of 32,000 convictions for Pass Law offences, 16,000 were obtained in the Witwatersrand Police Division [this section where we saw the vans] and 23,000 in the rest of the

Transvaal. The figures for previous years tell the same tale. . . . The Commission listened to many complaints on the subject of the Pass Laws by Natives in the Transvaal, Natal, and Orange Free State. In the Cape Province no Pass Law system is in force, except in the Transkei [where 850,000 Natives live] and in the districts generally known as British Bechuanaland, where permits for entrance and exit are required.”¹

I can certainly follow their thinking when Africans tell me it is easier to plead guilty than to return to court for a hearing. I would hate to find myself as a Native in a court anywhere in South Africa. The African has no important legal rights. In many parts of the Union, African births and deaths are not recorded. Deaths of African workers in the mines are not published. This is the way the Native fares in court:

“A few years ago a case was brought before the South African Supreme Court concerning a white man and a native woman charged with ‘illicit intercourse.’ The white man’s lawyer secured an acquittal for him on the grounds of insufficient evidence. *But* [on the same evidence] *the Bantu woman, who had no lawyer, was found guilty and sentenced to twelve months’ imprisonment.* . . .

“There is no death penalty for the murder of a native by a white man. In 1935, an Afrikaans farmer in the Orange Free State killed one of his Bantu servants. He was fined £20 (£100)—suspended for two years. It appeared that the native, aged 55, had been disobedient.”²

July 4. Sunday. In the early afternoon we drove through Friedasdoorp, said to be the roughest section around Johannesburg. It reminded me very much of Lenox Avenue in Harlem on a summer Sunday afternoon. The streets were thronged with Africans, all colours, all sizes, dressed in all kinds of clothes, strolling in the sun. Indians, Malays, Coloured, and Africans live in this section. There is a sports

¹ From *Report of Native Economic Commission*, p. 105.

² From *South of the Congo*.

ground—for Indians and Coloured only—where a football game was in progress.

Farther along we came to another sports ground—this one for Africans—and decided to go in to watch this football game. An African street vendor was selling hot roast sweet potatoes just outside the gate and doing brisk business. Inside the place was jammed. Both teams were African, and they played very well indeed. The audience was good-natured, vocal, and enthusiastic. Pauli especially enjoyed it all.

After watching the game for a while, we went along to the mine compound, which was nearly adjoining the sports ground. We watched the Zulu miners dancing, and took pictures. The dancing was interesting and the costumes colourful.

Then we went on to one of the nearby mines. It being Sunday, the white superintendent was away, and the Induna or Native superintendent showed us around. There are 5,400 Natives working in the mine, and more than 2,000 additional Natives working in the next mine about a thousand yards away: Swazis, Pondos, Basutos, and many Portuguese East Africans. Pauli and I were soon able to distinguish the Swazis, who wear their hair long, dressed with red-brown clay and brushed right back from their dark faces, giving them a curious red-haired look. And the Pondos, with their hair in regular "corn-rows," sometimes "wrapped"—a style which Negroes in our own Deep South would recognize immediately. Of course we could tell the Basutos by their typical colourful blankets.

The mine kitchens were a revelation: soup, porridge (cooked thick and shovelled out in great solid slabs on to the plates), samp; the meat was "cow shanks," which we found in examination to be cow feet. On workdays the men are usually given raw meat, which they cook themselves over fires built on the ground outside their rooms.

The compound is the living quarters for the Native miners only. The white workers live in their homes outside

the compound, in the suburbs, or in the city. The compound is a barren dusty square surrounded by brick barracks, "rooms," and the whole enclosed by a high strong fence; very like a prison. The barracks, or rooms, are high one-story buildings, with a door but no windows. The light and air come through ventilators placed high in the walls, just under the metal roofs.

Pauli and I went inside one of the rooms and saw the double row of stone bunks ranged round the walls—eighteen bunks in the first tier, eighteen bunks in the second tier. The Induna explained that the bunks were made of porous concrete; some of them have boards laid across them. Each man has a bunk on which he sleeps and on which he keeps his few personal possessions. Formerly fifty miners were housed in each of these rooms but there was so much illness and ensuing loss of labour time that the mine officials reduced the number to the present thirty-six per room.

The Native miner gets board (a minimum medically approved ration scale) and lodging, medical attention, and hospitalization free. If he meets with an accident and is disabled or killed, he is paid compensation under the Native Labour Regulation Act as follows: For permanent partial disablement, from £1 (\$5.00) to £20 (\$100.00); for permanent total disablement or death, from £30 (\$150.00) to £50 (\$250.00); there is no provision for temporary disablement, which frequently lasts for a long time and necessitates repatriation.

But very often the bereaved family back in the reserve is unable to collect even this modest compensation because they may not hear of the death until long afterwards. The mines do not publish the names of the approximately three thousand Natives who die every year from accident or disease.

Much of the illness of the miners consists of chest ailments, bronchitis, and pneumonia. It seems they go down into the mines before sun-up. The shift is from five A.M. to two P.M. The Natives must be down at five A.M. so as to be ready

when the European supervisors come down at six. When they go down it is very cold (Johannesburg is 6,000 feet above sea level), and as they go lower and lower it gets hotter and hotter. They often do the hardest kind of physical labour in temperatures of 60 to 70 degrees and higher. When they come up at 2 P.M., exhausted and streaming with perspiration—their pores wide open and relaxed—they are too tired to take proper care of themselves. This is when they take cold.

The mines do not provide clothes. But recently, because of increasing loss of labour time from pneumonia, the mine officials considered providing warm coats for the men to wear to and from the shafts. So far there are no coats. The miners tell me rather bitterly that the mines declared a balance of £10,000,000 last year. *Balance*, after all expenses and operation costs had been paid. But there are still no coats.

The gold mines are the foundation for the prosperity of South Africa. It is estimated that between 250,000 and 450,000 Natives are employed in the mines.

For centuries the African had mined gold and other metals for himself. Since the white conquest and occupation of South Africa, the African has not been able to mine for himself. There is no law against it—he is simply not granted a licence to mine. But he is recruited and otherwise forced by taxes and other pressure to work the mines for the white man.

Many of the Europeans who are employed underground are so employed for reasons of prestige. Their work can be, in many cases, and very often is, unofficially done by Natives, at one-eighth of the Europeans' wage. The Native miner is paid an average wage of 78s. 6d. (\$19.70) per month. This figure includes room, board, medical attention, etc.; the actual wage is about 57s. 6d. (\$14.50) per month. The European is paid an average wage of £31 7s. 0d. (\$156.75) per month, for much easier work.

This figure of 57s. 6d. (\$14.50) per month for the Native miner was fixed in 1897, and from then until now there has not been even a nominal increase. In fixing the figure

in 1897, the Mines Association reduced the then wages by one-third and simultaneously transferred the cost of travel to and from the mines from the *employers* to the *employees*.

These wages make Native mine labour slave labour. "It is the distinction of the mines to have rendered slavery unnecessary by retaining its substance while dispensing with its form."¹

The miners recruited in Portuguese East Africa receive even lower wages than those fixed above, and the South African Native Races Committee explains why:

"For every Native imported from the Portuguese territories of Mozambique a sum of 13s. (\$3.25) is payable to the Portuguese Government, and a further sum of 10s (\$2.50) has to be paid to the Government by the Native on his return for each year of his service. The Association (Mine Owners) has found the Province of Mozambique by far the most productive and satisfactory of its recruiting grounds. The Natives from these territories are engaged on a 12 months' contract (longer than the others) at a wage of 1s. 6d. (\$00.37) per day (less than the others)."²

With the reward of 23s. (\$5.75) for each Native sent to the mines, no wonder the Portuguese officials are energetic in "facilitating" the recruiting in their territory.

The Native miner has not accepted this slavery lying down. On the contrary, he has fought every step of the way. In order to keep him at this low level, the South African Government has had to impose taxes, has had to pass law after law to prevent him from organizing, to prevent him from holding meetings, to silence his protests. Things have come to such a pass in some parts of Africa that it is now a criminal offence (not civil) for a Native to break his work contract (a *civil* contract). Industrial organization for the Native is illegal. The Colour Bar Bill prevents the Native, however well trained and efficient, from working (officially) in all skilled and many unskilled trades. If a Native says the white man does not pay good wages, he may be, in some areas, put in prison for *sedition*. But the ingenious and per-

¹ From *The Duty of Empire*, p. 252.

² From *The South African Natives*.

sistent Native miner, finding his voice stilled elsewhere, began to chant his grievances to the visitors who watched his dances in the mining compounds, hoping that some sympathetic ears would lend attention, and help him. The mine officials, startled by such audacity, promptly suppressed the dances.

We got back to Dr. Xuma's with just time to eat and change for the party which the Bantu Men's Social Club was giving in our honour in the evening. The Africans making up the membership of this club are quite European. There was entertainment, and the two items on the programme which interested me most were a recitation of an alliterative story made up almost entirely of clicks—very humorous and fascinating—and a song about the Johannesburg mountains, a real African ballad which was beautiful in itself and beautifully sung. I think it might be fine for Paul, and they have promised to send him a copy. I made the inevitable speech, and at the end of the evening the members of the club presented me with a collection of African records. They could not have given me anything more welcome or of more practical value.

July 6. No dice for Swaziland. We have been unable to arrange the visit. I am glad to have been able to see at least one of the protectorates—Basutoland. So I won't be greedy.

July 7. We left Johannesburg last night at nine-fifteen, and arrived in Lourenço Marques a little after one o'clock today. Had a nice compartment on the train. We worked our way down from the 6,000-foot level of the mining city to the seacoast level of the port. The country was uninteresting: mountains, hills, desolate green-brown scrub, some trees, a few huts here and there, an occasional Native village, a few cattle, a few Natives on the roads. The Portuguese we saw from the train windows were a mangy-looking lot—small, sun-baked, enervated.

At Lourenço Marques we "saw the town," bought post-cards, went to Cooks' and exchanged our vouchers for the regular steamship tickets, did some shopping, and at four-thirty this afternoon boarded the s.s. *Kenya* of the British India Line. We have a nice double outside cabin with private bath, and are very comfortable indeed.

July 10. Friday. We are halfway through the Mozambique Channel, proceeding north along the east coast. Madagascar is on our right, but out of sight.

Our ship called at Beira yesterday. We went ashore with other passengers to have a look around, and bought post-cards and little souvenirs. Beira is a wretched little place. It was early afternoon when we went ashore, and no one but ourselves was stirring. People sat or lay in siesta by the side of the road, under trees, on porches. The air was heavy, sweltering, and very enervating. The humidity was terrific.

After our short stroll up to the little general store, we were all so exhausted we found it hard to make our way back to the ship. It was then I understood why everyone was having siesta. I also understood fully for the first time that delightful song of Noel Coward's, "Mad Dogs and Englishmen Go . . . on in the Midday Sun."

The ship's doctor told us that in the old days Beira was all swamps and mosquitoes and malaria, but lately the swamps have been drained and the conditions are better. He says the damp and terrible heat is so oppressive that Portuguese officials have to return to Europe regularly after a maximum term of eight months. Most Europeans are unable to stand the humidity for a longer period. I can well believe it.

July 11. We are nearly through the channel. The ship is very slow but comfortable. We have just missed the tail end of a northeast monsoon.

The coast is interesting but desolate: white sandy shores, cliffs, green hills. It is getting hotter and hotter. And this is

winter here (July) with this exhausting heat. I hate to think of what the summer must be like, especially in Beira.

July 12. We have finally passed Madagascar and come out of the channel into the Indian Ocean. Our ship calls at Dar-Es-Salaam, the port of Tanganyika Territory, tomorrow. The passengers tell me one can buy beautiful eastern silks very reasonably in the Indian shops there, and they make things to order for you overnight, delivering them to you next day in Zanzibar when the ship calls there. We shall see.

The passengers have become very friendly with us. Pauli plays all day long with the children. There have been one or two little incidents. Two of the South African children simply could not understand why Pauli must have "his turn" in all the games. Though they come to fetch him, and seem anxious for him to play, they often try to "skip" his turn. I keep a weather eye on them, but so far haven't interfered, because Pauli seems well able to handle himself. Yesterday he put his foot down and said: "If you don't want me to play, say so. But if I play I always get my turn, understand?" They flushed with surprise; they had not thought that *his* turn could be important. Then they pulled him back into the game. They don't skip him any more. They seem to like him very much, but just don't understand him at all. To them he is "Native," yet they can't push him around. They might even understand if he were a prince or something. But he is just a plain American Coloured boy who isn't going to be pushed around.

Since these Europeans have made such a cult of games and sports, I'm glad he's very good at them. It helps.

Have had pleasant and interesting talks with one of the passengers, a Miss P., a charming Viennese who has travelled all over America and studied economics there. She is now a professor of economics at Johannesburg University. Have also enjoyed a delightful Mrs. D., a teacher who was born in South Africa. She is a fine type of pioneer

stock, honest, sympathetic, understanding, generous minded. We have talked for days about the Native question. I am so glad to have met her.

I had gone sour on the subject of South Africans. There must be more like Mrs. D.—not many, because she is an especially fine human being—but there must be some. Pauli adores her. It is wonderful that she is a teacher, because she has a way with children. It is impossible for them to come into contact with her and not have their minds opened up, at least to some extent. She is that kind of person. She has written Pauli an African story, for himself alone, making him the subject of the story, which is laid in purely Native surroundings. It is extremely well done, and he has put it with his treasured possessions.

The passengers have been asking me how I liked Johannesburg. These South Africans are very proud of their beautiful city and of their great mining industry on the Rand. They are also embarrassed by and ashamed of the Native problem that industry has helped create; they usually ignore it, but sometimes they feel reluctantly called upon at least to mention it.

I said I thought it was far too beautiful and prosperous a city to have all those dreadful locations in and near it, and I could not understand why a modern population would risk its public health with such a menace. Surprisingly, they all agreed that they are disgraceful and must be cleaned up. They went on to tell me that something would have to be done about their treatment of the Native also. One lady mentioned the matter of transport for Natives in South Africa. She says the buses around Johannesburg charge Natives five times as much fare as Europeans; that her maid has to pay 37 cents bus fare to go to her location, while she herself pays only 8 cents for twice the distance. She says there is no bus service at all to many of the locations, and the Natives must come into town on foot. And when there is a service, it is always expensive, irregular, and with broken-down discarded buses.

An alarming thing happened on board last night: a deranged passenger tried to kill himself by slashing his throat. He is an Englishman, a settler who is being taken back to England under guard. He is in the stateroom with barred windows and protected door. The ship's doctor tells me he will have to be confined to an institution when he gets home. Poor man.

July 13. Today we put in at Dar-Es-Salaam, after threading our way cautiously past dangerous-looking reefs, through a beautiful little paradise of green islands. Pauli said the reefs made him think of pirates and wrecks, and was delighted when passengers told him this coast is famous for wrecks. Miss P. says that during the First World War the Germans (Tanganyika was then a German colony) filled a ship with concrete and sank it in the mouth of the harbour in order to block it. That is why it is so difficult for ships to get in and out now, and the pilot is sorely needed.

We went ashore to see the beautiful town, which is laid out rather like Berlin. The wide clean streets are very handsome and modern, but very, very hot. The narrow streets of the Native quarter are much cooler and much better suited to this blazing tropical sun. There is a modern German-built hospital, a beautiful government house, and a marvellous Strand Avenue along the sea front. And there is a fascinating park in which the Germans planted every type of tree they could find from all over the world.

We did a lot of shopping in the town. The shops are nearly all Indian and are filled with the most gorgeous eastern silk materials. I chose a lovely Assam silk for a bathrobe for Pauli, a summer coat for myself of the famous tussore silk, summer suits for us both of an Indian silk rather like pongee, and some cool pyjamas and night dresses—all at astoundingly low prices. The silks are all specially woven for tropical wear, and while they are sturdy and have body enough to hold their shape, they are surprisingly cool and fresh and comfortable in the great heat, and are said to launder beautifully.

Everything will be made by hand and to measure, and delivered to us in the ship tomorrow at Zanzibar.

After a full day in Dar-Es-Salaam we rejoined our ship, and overnight made our way up to Zanzibar, a lovely Arabian Nights island a little farther north, off the coast of Tanganyika.

July 14. Zanzibar. Hired a car and a guide so that Pauli and I might see as much as possible of the island. We stopped at the famous museum. As we arrived at the entrance we saw a class of Indian and Arab schoolgirls leaving, chattering and giggling as schoolgirls will, and very picturesque in their motley dress—some in shorts, some in saris, and some with veils.

There was some lovely silver work in the museum, so delicately and intricately carved that it looked like exquisite lacework. And there was a wonderful drum—huge, made with a heavy skin, and with a deep rich rolling tone which made us think of Paul.

From the museum we drove to the Swaheli village: It was very pretty and oriental, with fascinating little houses of reed walls and thatched roofs. Winding our way through the narrow streets with houses crowded against each other, we came to the Native market, which is right in the ordinary street. There were barbers busy with customers in barber chairs on their own front porches; shoemakers hammering and sewing at shoes on benches on their porches; all kinds of merchandise—garlic, fresh fruit, vegetables, and dreadful-looking fish—spread out on benches on the porches. Flies and smell everywhere.

The Arab market a little farther on was much the same, perhaps just a shade cleaner.

Driving out into the cooler countryside we saw large stone houses, now deserted looking, which used to be the homes of the rich Arab plantation owners. The old Arab doors with heavy wooden carvings and brass studs are handsome in the sun. The old Arab graveyards are lovely

too, with their gravestones mouldy and falling to pieces, green and neglected, but dignified still.

We passed miles and miles of clove and coconut groves. A fairytale island, this Zanzibar, with its lush green and its palms and spices, Arabs and Indians and Africans. But the flies—the flies are not so fairy-like.

And so back to the ship, to find it swarming with the Indian merchants from Dar-Es-Salaam, delivering the orders from the day before. Our clothes are perfect, well made and well fitted.

Later, as we stood at the ship's rail looking out into the velvet night, a passenger joined us and pointed out the Southern Cross in the sky. We could make out the irregular partly double cross quite plainly. Our friend says it is visible near the equator and southward, but not at all in the Northern Hemisphere.

July 15. Arrived at Mombasa, the Kenya port, at six this morning. The approach is beautiful: the harbour filled with colourful Native craft and a few modern liners, the coral beach, the reed enclosures in the water, the beach houses above on the cliffs, great coconut palms tall and leaning, the extraordinary baobab tree with its peculiar thick trunk and white branches—dead looking—shooting out above, lush tropical growth everywhere. The scenery is fascinating.

We leave the ship here at Mombasa and go overland by train to Uganda. The ship goes on to Bombay, crossing the Indian Ocean.

The immigration and customs officials who came on board said they had been especially instructed to look after Pauli and me, and anything they could do they would do gladly. They were very kind and helpful. I sense Paul's hand somewhere.

We drove through the town to the Manor Hotel, which is charming. The proprietor, a European, proved to be a devoted fan of Paul's and was most cordial, going to considerable lengths to make us welcome and comfortable. (This was

a great relief, because the hotel was European and very smart, and with South Africa just behind me I expected anything.) He gave us a cool spacious sitting room for the day (we leave by train this afternoon for Kampala), and we had a delicious lunch in the pleasant dining room of simple, light, cool, sensible food which he chose for us himself.

The proprietor then showed us around the hotel, explaining that it is typically tropical: it is built as open as possible. The dining room is on a platform with all sides open, though screened, so that it gets all the breezes and is delightfully cool; the waiters go over a little balcony to the separate kitchen. All over the hotel in all the rooms there are fans in the ceilings, screens and blinds to the enormous windows. There are innumerable African servants everywhere, in long white gowns and white caps. They seemed interested in us, as we were in them. I spoke with them when I got a chance. They told me they are from upcountry in Kenya, and are only in town to make money. They return to their homes as soon as they have enough. They said no African will live in town if he can avoid it, "because conditions are bad, very bad." A few of them spoke halting, formal English.

After lunch we talked by telephone with Paul in London. His voice certainly bridges the distance. With thousands of miles between us, that big deep warm rich tone is magic over the wires to Pauli and me. Pauli always begins his telephone conversations with "Daddy!", and then his eyes grow big and round, and his smile grows wide as he hears the big voice roll over the wires.

Paul says he has three films lined up now: *King Solomon's Mines* for Gaumont British, *Damballa* for Hammer Productions, and the Sahara film for Capitol. He says he has had my letters and is glad all is going well, and swears he will write us by air mail to Uganda. We'll believe that nonwriter when we get the letters. He says that as soon as we are safely arrived in Uganda, he will nip off to Moscow for the rest of the summer. He will spend the time with Sergei Eisenstein, watching him film in the country.

After our satisfying telephone conversation we went shopping in a rickshaw. We have seen so many pictures of rickshaws, and have always wanted a ride in one, but this was our first opportunity. They are quite common here in Mombasa. We chose one drawn by a black Moslem and found it very comfortable and leisurely.

Bought some beautiful postcards and a sun helmet for myself. They tell me ladies don't wear them, but after feeling the Mombasa sun, I decided this lady will wear one, as from now. Pauli already has his. They are very cool and airy. The Moslem took us down to see the Native market, and then suddenly, it seemed to us, it was traintime. We left Mombasa at four, and are due in Kampala Friday, July 17, at four-twenty—two full days. We have a comfortable compartment and expect to keep our eyes glued to the windows.

July 16. In the train. I have been thinking back over our trip up the east coast. Leaving South Africa we saw fewer and fewer Europeans. In Beira everyone we saw was African except the storekeeper. In Dar-Es-Salaam there were a number of Europeans, but many more Indians and Arabs, as well as Africans. Zanzibar was quite different, almost oriental, with many Indians, Arabs, and Moslem Africans. Mombasa was rather cosmopolitan, with European tourists and settlers, Indians, and Arabs, and a great variety of Africans—Moslem, Christian, and traditional.

We woke at dawn in the train, hoping to get a view of Kilimanjaro, the famous mountain peak 19,320 feet above sea level on the Kenya-Tanganyika border. We were lucky. At first the peak seemed to merge with the clouds which surrounded it. Gradually we made out the snow-covered plateau-like top. Then the sun came out and the mists cleared, and Kilimanjaro stood revealed, towering majestically in the distance.

All this part of Kenya is very high. We have been climbing steadily since we left Mombasa and the heat of the coast,

for the cool green of the highlands. The great baobab trees are everywhere; there are mango trees, coconut palms, and great seas of green hills. There are occasional small villages, and people on the roads and in the fields. Climbing still higher, we passed mountain range after mountain range, all covered with a wealth of green.

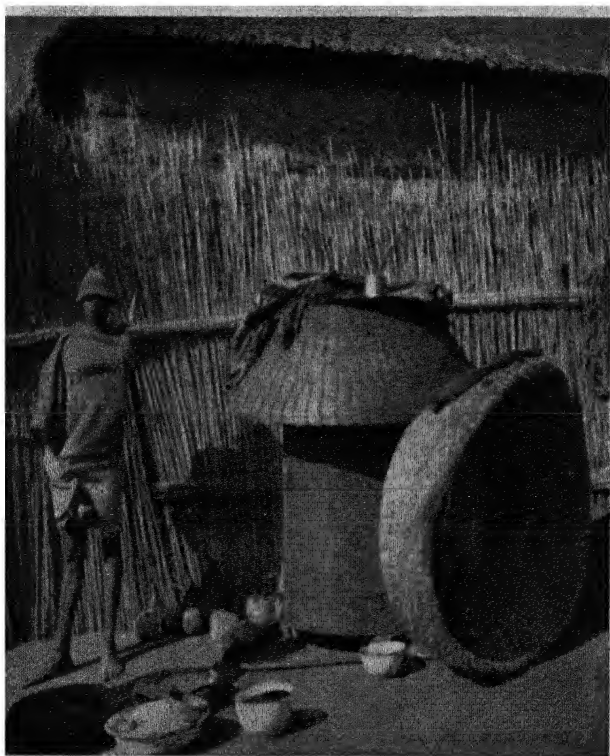
After breakfast this morning we began to see lots of game. We are now passing through game reserves: many gnu, with their delicate colouring and dainty horns, speed along and give great leaps in which they seem to coast through the air. Pauli watches them spellbound and makes careful mental notes. He says when he is old enough he wants to broad-jump and high-jump, and these performances of the gnu are very instructive! Herds of zebra graze leisurely, fat and gentle, clean looking with their white stripes. Gazelles, wildebeest, and ostriches are everywhere. Pauli is enthralled.

These uplands are great rolling grasslands with sparse umbrella bushes—admirable cover for game, and perfect protection from the sun. When the animals are still, it is hard to distinguish them from the scenery. Our eyes soon become accustomed to their shapes and colourings, and we learned how to watch for motion.

We have to wear sunglasses even in the train, because of the glare.

When we stopped at a village called Athi-River, I noticed three separate retiring rooms in the little station, all clearly marked: Europeans, Asiatics, Africans. It always strikes me as amusing, pathetic, and a bit silly when I see Europeans taking so much trouble to segregate themselves in public places, when I know these same Europeans fill their homes with all kinds of Native servants, who come into the most intimate contact with their food, clothing, and especially with their children.

The train stopped for more than an hour at Nairobi, so of course Pauli and I went out to see the town. Cooks' people were pleasant and helpful. We got our Egyptian,



Matsieng: enclosure of the chief's first wife.



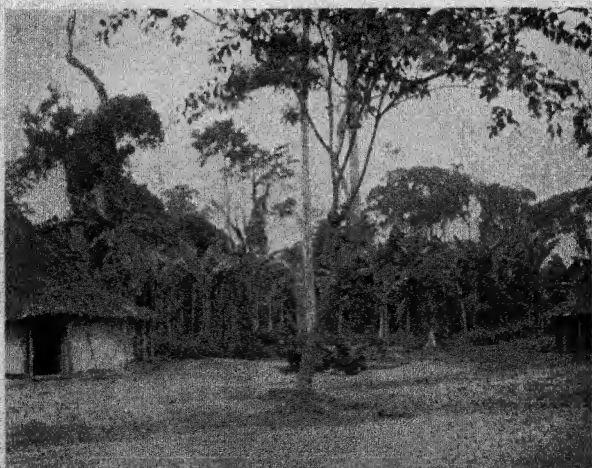
View from inside the Council House of Matsieng.



Basutos and Basuto house at Matsieng, typical of Basutoland.



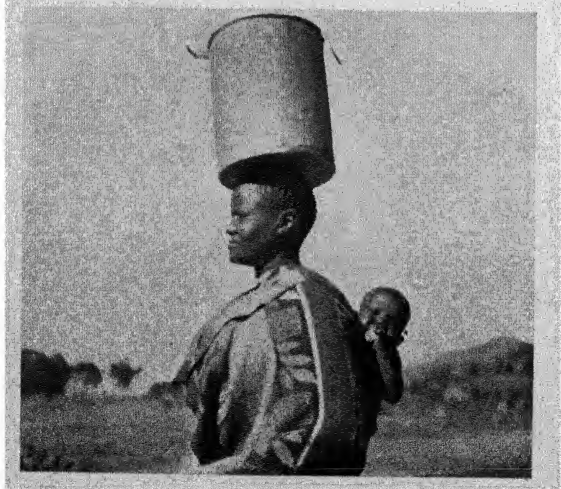
Matsieng, the chief's village in Basutoland.



Ngite, Pygmy village near Mbeni, Congo.



Basutos at Maseru, Basutoland.

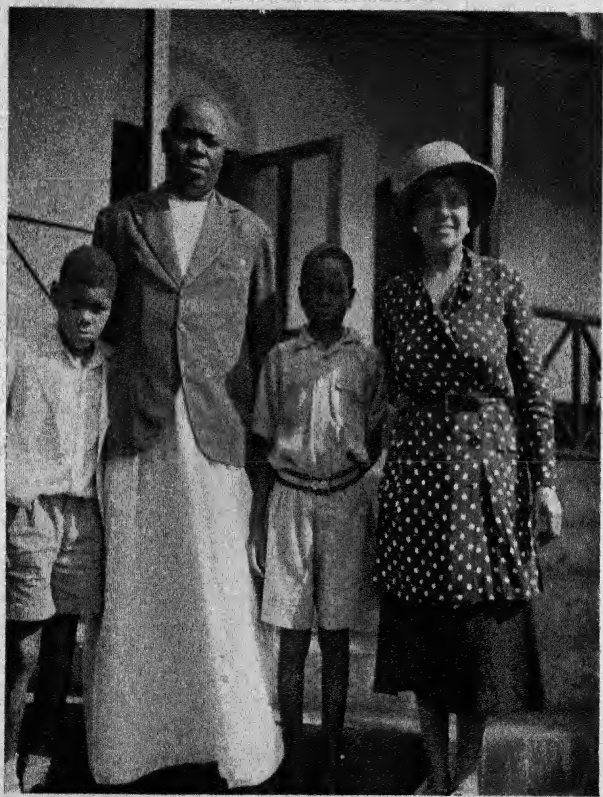




People at Ngite.



Pauli (extreme right) with the Elders of Ngite.

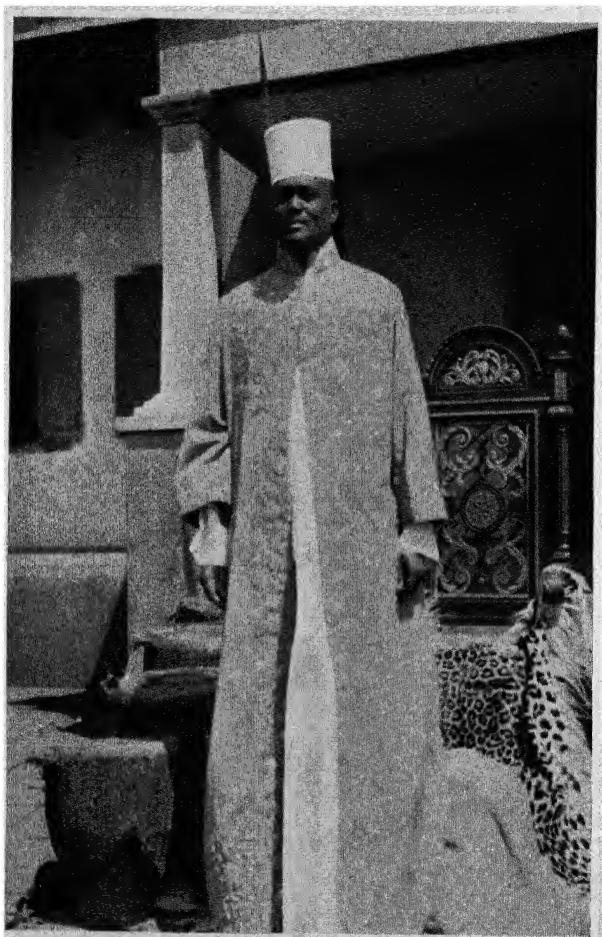


Pauli and I (left and right) visit with the Mulamuzi, the chief justice of Buganda (next to Pauli), at his home in Kampala.

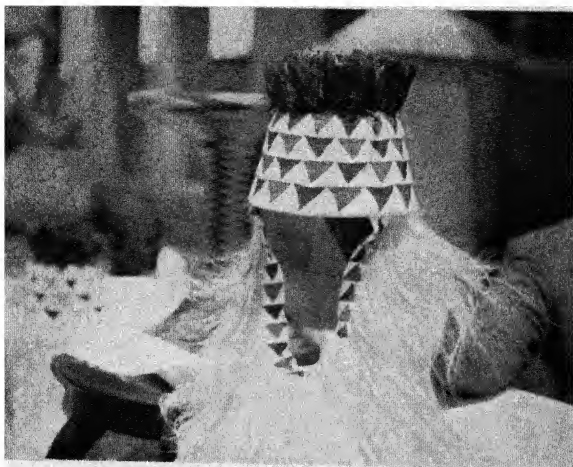


"Old things" at Hoima, Bunyoro.

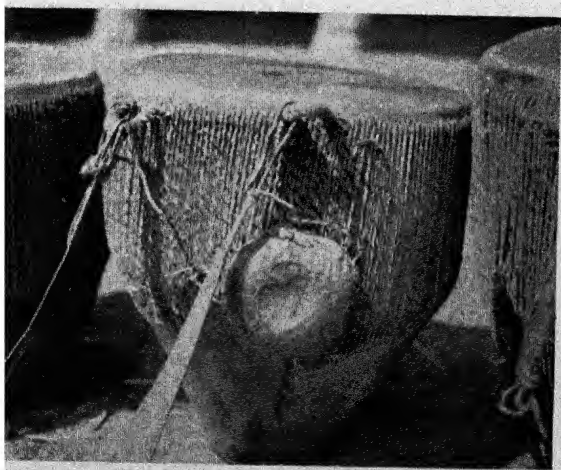




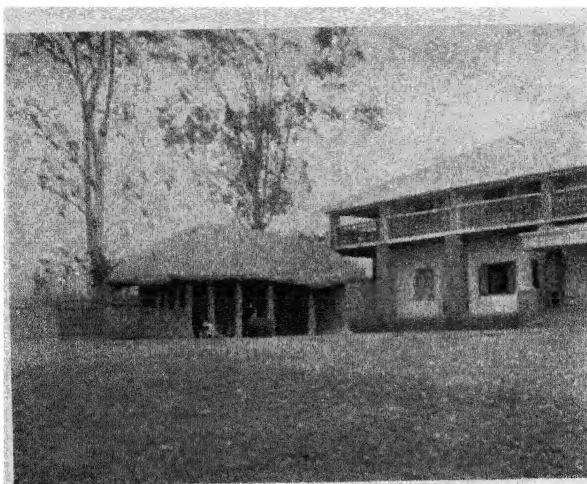
Mukama of Toro on the steps of his palace.



The "Crown-and-Beard."



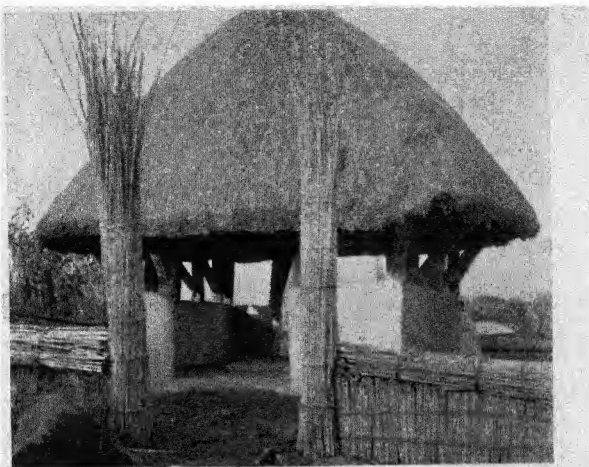
Royal drums at Mukama's palace.



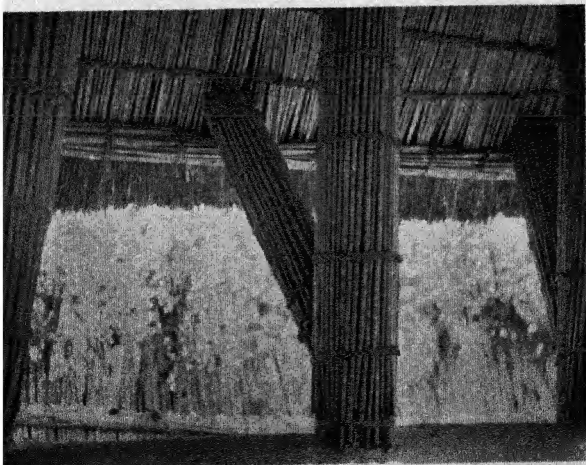
Palace of Mukama of Toro at Kabarole.



Part of the Coronation Walk, in the palace grounds.



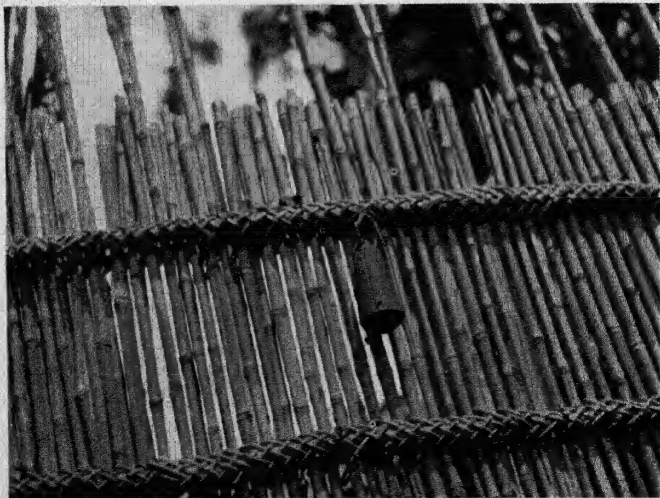
Coronation House in palace grounds at Kabarole.



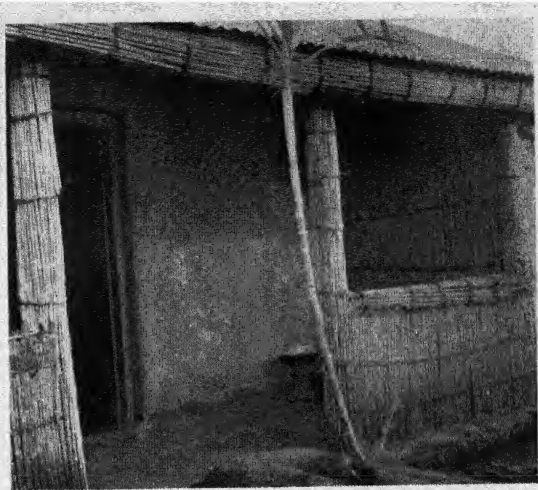
Beautifully bound inner edge of roof of Coronation House.



Gate to Mukama's palace at Kabarole.



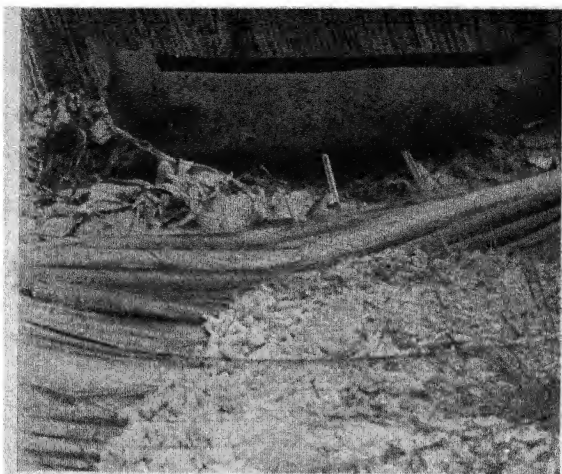
Close-up of bell on gate to Mukama's palace.



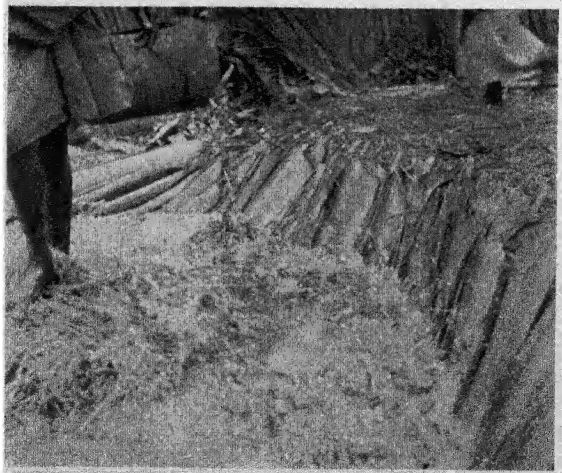
Veranda of our house at Kabarole, Toro.



Entrance to very private enclosure in the courtyard of our house.



The making of banana wine, Kabarole.





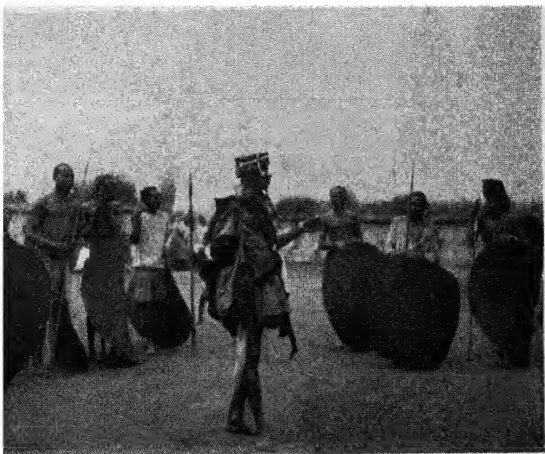
Banana wine fermenting in trough. Below, wooden vessel for finished wine.





Market at Kabarole.

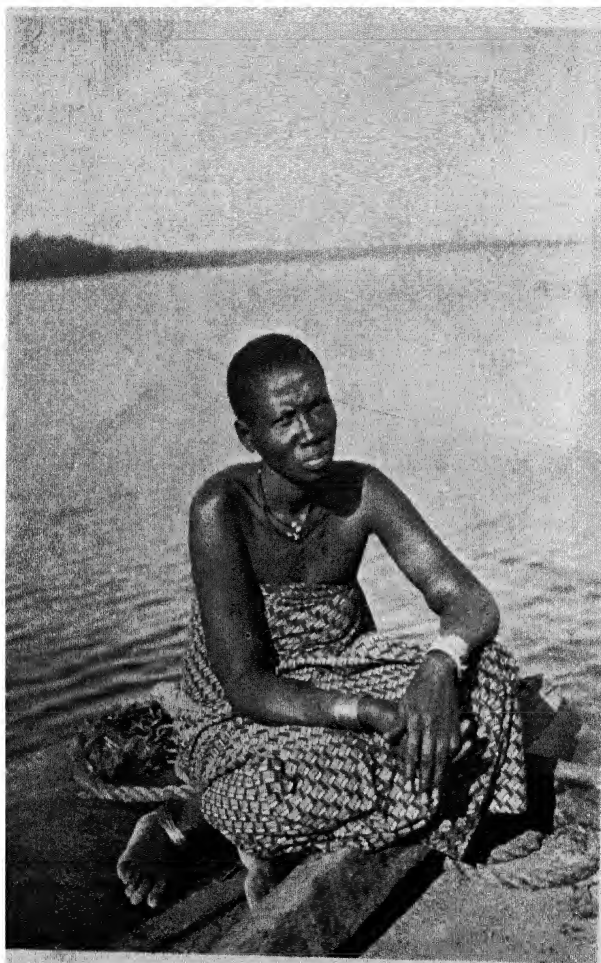




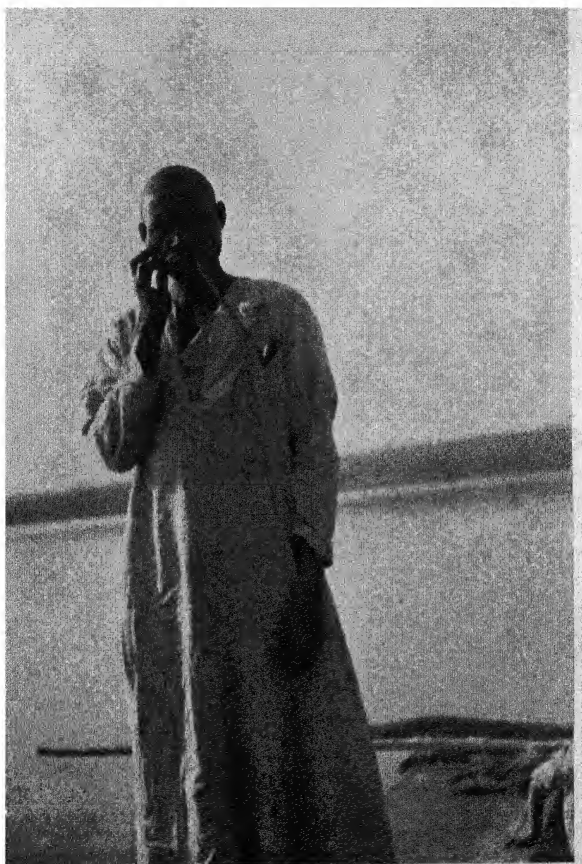
Bamba dance, Kabarole.



Passenger on Nkole ferry.



Lady on Nkole ferry.

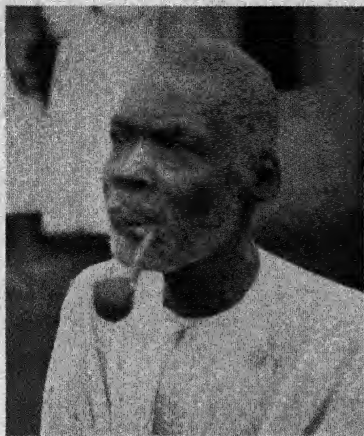


Passenger on Nkole ferry.



Ladies of the *bisahi* (dairy), herdswomen of Toro.

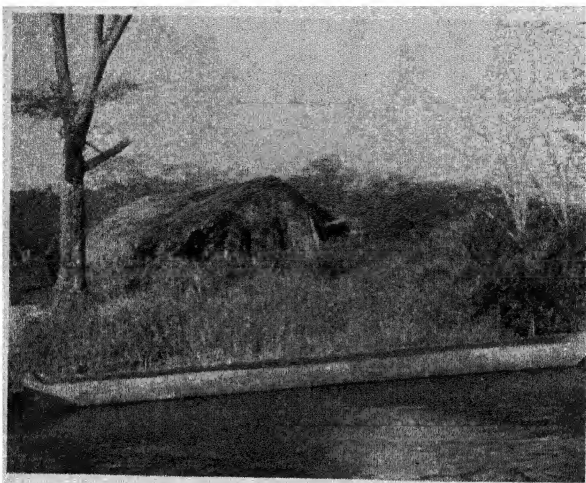




Herdsman of Kahungere.



Pondo miner having his hair "wrapped" in the compound at Robinson Deep.



African canoes on the Semliki River near Mbeni, Congo.

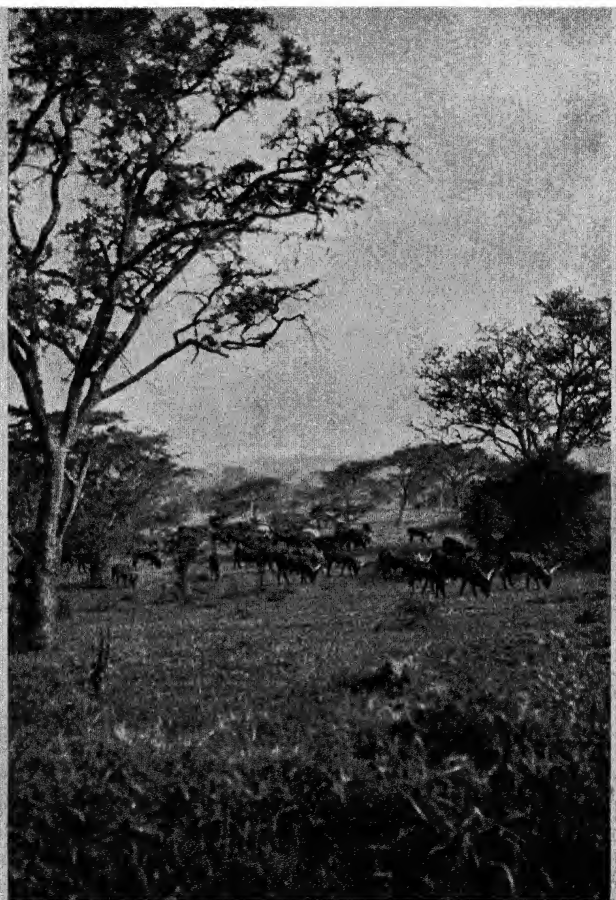




Katwe: salt masses.



Wrapping salt in plantain-leaf packages at Katwe.



One of the magnificent herds of cattle belonging to the Prime Minister of Nkole, Uganda, grazing in the plains near Mbarara.

Sudanese, and Italian visas for the flight home, and a Belgian Congo visa just in case we can go there.

Nairobi is like a pretty bustling border town. Cars are everywhere, reminding me vaguely of Detroit. There are big hotels, office buildings, shops. The streets are filled with white settlers, big-game hunters, tourists, Arabs, Indians, and Africans.

Leaving Nairobi the train climbed up into Kikuyu country, more than 7,000 feet above sea level. It is a gorgeous panorama of green rolling country, hills, and valleys of almost English greenness. There is lots of sugar cane, and we pass mile after mile of strange tall slender willowy trees. We see only Africans now. All the people in this area have big holes in their ear lobes, many have part of the lobe cut away; they wear peculiar attractive ear-rings.

For a while the train ran along the Escarpment, the ridge of the Great Rift Valley, and we could look down into the rift. It is irregular and volcanic. They say the rift was caused by a stupendous eruption. The scenery is extraordinary and reminds one of the fantastic stories of Rider Haggard.

In the plains beyond the Escarpment there are great lumps of green mountains rising suddenly and curiously right in the middle of flat country, which itself is 8,000 feet above sea level.

Everywhere there are coffee plantations, and beautiful wild flowers make a carpet for miles. The dining-car waiters get off at stations and gather mountain flowers for the tables—we have enormous daisies on ours.

We circle a lovely plateau and a great volcanic lake, surrounded by a dark mountain range, and stop first at Naivasha, then at Gilgil. Madagascar cattle, distinguished by the ugly hump, graze everywhere through this area. The ostriches interest Pauli. There are lots of them; they spread their plumage and run, then bury their heads in the earth. There are still herds of gnu, and we both love to watch them springing, leaping, and coasting through the air.

it illustrates so clearly one of the ways in which the British Government exercises control over the African people. The supreme and final authority in Uganda—legislative, executive, and judicial—is the Governor General and the hierarchy of provincial and district administrators and commissioners under him—all British, appointed by the Colonial Office in London, and resident in Uganda.

This official white British personnel works through the Native "authorities" "indirectly," so that while apparently the king rules his kingdom or province through his Lukiko or Native High Court (which is a central court made up of the king, chief justice, treasurer, and the *saza* or county chiefs), actually the African ruling machinery is subordinate to a corresponding superimposed British ruling machinery called the Central Government.

Each African *gombolola* chief functions only with the approval of the local British district commissioner; each African *saza* chief acts only under the approval of the British county administrator; and the king himself is subject to the confirmation of the Governor General.

July 17. Arrived in Kampala after two hot, tiring but interesting days on the train. We were met by Archdeacon and Mrs. Bowers, who brought a telegram from Nyabongo, the African friend whom we had come to visit. It seems Nyabongo was delayed in the cross-country trip, and had asked the Bowers' to meet us and keep us over-night. They are typically pleasant, comfortable English people, kindly, intelligent, and very hospitable.

The Bowers' live in a very attractive comfortable house next door to an African girls' school, where there are usually four to five hundred students. The whole staff is African, except the headmistress, who is European. Mr. Bowers says his church (Anglican) uses as many Africans on its staffs as possible; that in some areas there are as many as two hundred staff members to only one European. He tells me that all the education in Uganda is in the hands of the church.

"Education in Africa is largely in the hands of the church, which in some places is alone in the field; with sole responsibility . . .

"Christians were the first modern educators in Africa. Now African education rests upon the church. Probably 85 per cent of all education in Africa is carried on by the missionary and Christian African personnel, in many places with Government subsidies but in many places without any. . . .

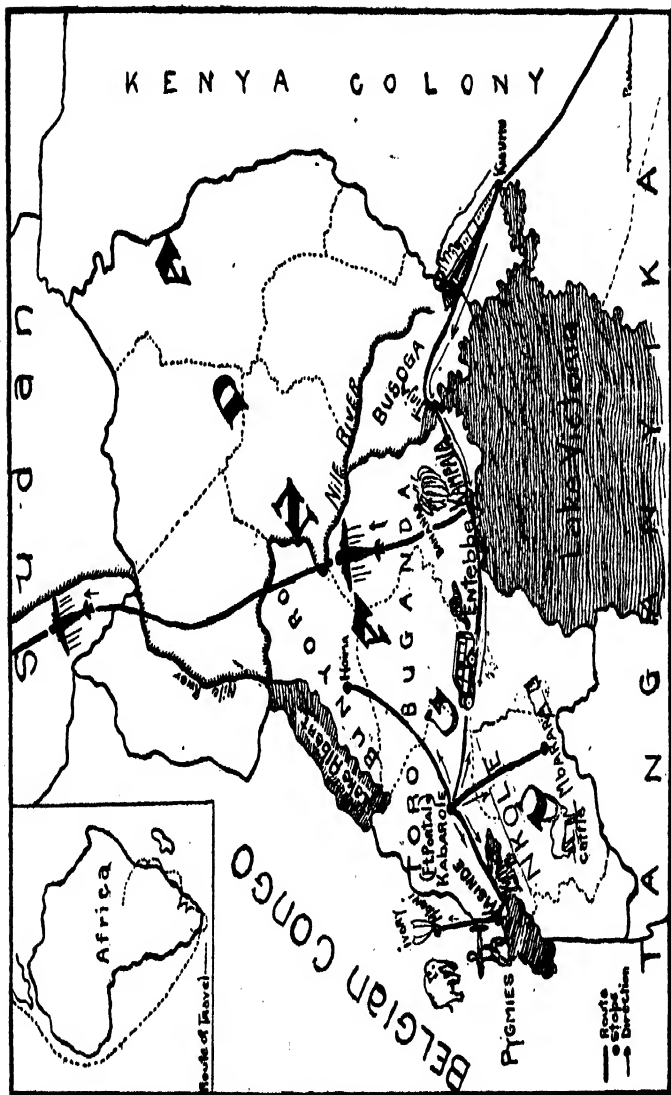
"One of the outstanding contributions which the Christian missions have made to the sum of human knowledge is the systematic study of the languages of the world. Nowhere is this more true than in Africa, where literally hundreds of missionaries, singly and in small groups, have learned the languages of the peoples among whom they have settled, analysed them and recorded their grammatical structure, compiled vocabularies and dictionaries, and in many cases made valuable collections of proverbs and folk tales that otherwise might soon have been forgotten."¹

By evening Mr. Bowers and I had reached what Pauli calls a "discussion footing," and he was telling me all about taxes and government. There are no reserves in Uganda as there are in South Africa. The whole Protectorate is regarded by the Colonial Office as Native territory, and European settlement is definitely discouraged.

The African here in Buganda pays \$3.75 tax per year to the Central Government (British), \$2.50 per year to the Native government, and \$1.75 per year to his landlord. The Central Government builds the chiefs' houses, pays their salaries, and does some share of building and keeping up the roads. The Native government takes over local affairs.

Mr. Bowers and I got on very well together until we came to the question of salaries for teachers. Here in Uganda, as everywhere else in Africa, the salaries for Europeans—officials, teachers, clerks, and all workers—are royal when compared to the infinitesimal wages paid to Africans for

¹ From *Christian Action in Africa*, report of the Church Conference on African Affairs, Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio, June, 1942.



exactly the same work, even though, as often happens, the African is better trained and more efficient at the job. Mr. Bowers, who until then had seemed to me quite reasonable, took this great difference in salaries as a matter of course, quite normal and right, and seemed surprised when I questioned and pressed the matter.

"Why, surely you realize the European has a higher standard of living than the Native, and therefore needs more salary?" he asked.

I said no, I didn't see that at all. I said I thought he was putting the cart before the horse. The European pays himself higher salaries, and therefore is able to maintain a higher standard of living. The European pays the African much lower salaries, and therefore the African must inevitably have a lower standard of living.

So far I have come across many Europeans here in Africa who I am sure are living at a much higher standard than they were accustomed to in the home country. Africans tell me they themselves—the vast majority of them—are living at a much lower standard now than before the coming of the Europeans.

It looks to me as though the African has been forced to lower his own normal standard in order to make possible the often unjustifiably high standard which the European arbitrarily insists upon maintaining for himself.

Leonard Barnes has given a clear analysis of this matter: "Many of the people who now find employment in the Empire would no doubt, if such posts were not open to them, be employed in some capacity at home. But it is improbable that they would be anything like so well provided for. One might perhaps say that one of the main advantages of the Empire from this standpoint is that it enables middle-class persons to lead upper-class lives, on condition of their removing to the tropics to do so. . . .

"The large majority of all these appointments carry *initial* emoluments whose value ranges from £400 to £700 [\$2,000 to \$3,500] a year. Their average value appears

to be somewhat over £500 [\$2,500]. The investigations of Colin Clark into the national income of this country (Britain) and its distribution, lead to the conclusion that only some 4 per cent of the occupied population enjoy incomes of £500 [\$2,500] and over. A job in the colonial service therefore admits a man at the outset of his career straight to membership of this exclusive aristocracy. (though his salary is part of the social income not of this country, but of the dependency which pays it). . . .

" . . . Of the administrative services proper it may be said that the customary salary scales rise to £1,000 [\$5,000] a year in tropical Africa, and to £1,800 [\$9,000] a year in the Asiatic dependencies. There are also higher posts above these scales. Anything above £1,000 [\$5,000] puts its recipient into the same income-group as the top 1½ per cent of earners in Britain.

" . . . Attached . . . are valuable pension rights . . . long full-pay leave after each prescribed tour of service . . . free return passages to England, and free or assisted passages for wives and children. Tours of service may vary from twelve months in some parts of Africa to four years in the Far East and elsewhere.

On retirement, the holder of a pensionable appointment—and the majority of colonial service appointments are pensionable—may expect to draw a pension of as much as two-thirds of his final salary after thirty odd years of tropical service; or a proportionately smaller pension for shorter service, subject to a minimum period of years. . . .

" . . . There are between 36,000 and 70,000 unofficial jobs in the colonies, etc., which are filled by people from England who work in them for a term of years and then come home again to settle down. The holders of these jobs . . . are paid out of the general social income of those colonies, and not out of Britain's social income."¹

July 18. Nyabongo fetched us early from the Bowers'. He is a cousin of the Mukama (King) of Toro, and we met him in England when he was studying anthropology at Oxford.

¹ From *Empire or Democracy?* by Leonard Barnes, published by Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London, 1939 (Left Book Club Edition), pp. 87, 88-89, 90, 91.

He is taking us to Kabarole, his home in Toro, where I will do my anthropological field work on cattle culture in Uganda.

I am particularly lucky to have Akiki Nyabongo for host in Toro, because he knows nearly everyone there, knows the history and general background of the people, and is of course entirely familiar with custom and tradition. He is actually part of custom and tradition. He is young, intelligent, friendly, and efficient.

Before we left Kampala he took us to pay our respects to the Mulamuzi (the African chief justice of Buganda). The Mulamuzi was cordial, and explained that he had been prepared for us to spend the night with him in his home, but when he saw "the Europeans had us" he decided to remain in the background. He is a big handsome intelligent man, youngish, with a wonderful sense of humour, and speaks English fluently. We had a good talk, and I liked him very much indeed.

His home was very attractive. While we were there, the Kabaka's (King's) son was sent over to play with Pauli. He proved to be a delightful boy of about nine—just about Pauli's age—and speaks English well. The Mulamuzi's son is fourteen, too old for Pauli really, though they all played together.

The hospitality of these Africans is something special. Imagine the thoughtfulness behind sending a child Pauli's own age to play with him! The boys hit it off together at once, and seemed to enjoy each other's strangeness. In between play and games, which after a few words of explanation on either side they understood immediately, they plied each other with questions, the Kabaka's son always courteous and considerate.

After this happy visit, we stopped for a few minutes at the hospital in Kampala to see Nyabongo's sister, who is a nurse there. We found her gay and friendly, and are looking forward to seeing more of her later on.

Then we began the long drive to Nyabongo's home. Leaving Kampala for the open country, we were struck

by the luxuriance of the vegetation, some wild, some cultivated. There are the deep green of the banana groves, the high walls of elephant grass, and the gigantic papyrus—often reaching a height of fifteen feet. Nyabongo says the papyrus grows beside the water courses and in the swamps. He also says that behind and among the cultivated banana groves are hidden the courtyards and houses of the people. We drove for hours without seeing a soul, although there were thousands of people just out of sight, working in the fields, groves, courtyards, and houses. From the road there was no one, nor a house, in sight.

We drove for four hours, along the equator all the while. The heat was terrific, and there was dust as well. Just as Pauli and I began to feel faint—it was nearly two o'clock and the sun was broiling—we stopped for a rest and lunch at Butoke-Butotano, a tiny village just over the Buganda border in Toro. People in long white robes seemed to appear from nowhere to stand at the roadside, bowing in welcome as we came to a stop beside a neat banana grove. More people, all men and boys, came down the path through the grove to the car. Odd that there are no women about.

Our host was an old school friend of Nyabongo's, named Gerasoni. He was handsome, with a fine open gentle face and marvellous eyes, and real presence and intelligence. He was the soul of hospitality, and seemed delighted with the honour of entertaining us. He was not at all impressed—just accepting our visit with eager interest and simple dignity.

As we got out of the car all the men bowed because Nyabongo is a prince. They all formally welcomed us, thanked us for the honour of the visit, then led us along the path through the grove to the house.

After the broiling sun the cool quiet of the house was a grateful surprise. I actually needed my coat inside. The house is cool because it is built for the climate: There is a thatched roof, and about two feet below the roof a latticework made of reeds, closely bound, which makes a heatproof space.

The walls are mud and clay, very thick and cool, and there is only one window to a room. These windows have board blinds but no glass.

The house is a typical average one, they tell me; that's why Nyabongo chose it rather than a chief's house. It is small, with a sitting-eating room, a bedroom, and one other room. There is very little furniture. The bicycle leaning against the outside wall immediately caught Pauli's eye. They tell me everyone in Africa who can afford it owns a bicycle. It is like owning a small car in England. In the courtyard at the back of the house are several enclosures surrounded by high fences. The larger enclosure is the bathing place, the smaller one near by is the lavatory. They took Pauli out to the bath enclosure, undressed him, gave him a full bath African fashion, and re-dressed him. When he came back he said he felt like a new boy, rested and refreshed. Nyabongo also had a bath. They offered me one, but seeing no women about, I settled for washing my face and hands. Afterwards Nyabongo told me laughingly that the women would have appeared and taken me to their own bathing place and washed me. Well, now I know. As it was, I had my hands full negotiating the lavatory. I was sent into the small enclosure which, although entirely surrounded by a high closely woven reed wall, didn't seem quite private enough—perhaps because there was no roof. Finding myself inside what looked like a small empty room open to the sky, with a clean smooth mud-clay floor, my first thought was: I have made a mistake, this isn't the lav. But no, Nyabongo himself had directed me, so it must be right. On more careful examination I noted a neat pile of large soft leaves near something which looked like a wooden traffic signal stand. Cautiously moving this stand, I saw beneath it a deep hole in the ground about a foot in diameter, lined with zinc. This was the toilet.

When we collected again in the sitting room, clean and cool, our hosts offered us coffee beans from a charming little woven basket. This is the customary gesture of welcome and

hospitality, comparable perhaps to the offering of appetizers in Europe and America. We each took a bean, tentatively, and Nyabongo showed us how to break off the outside shell with our teeth, then chew the real bean inside. I ended by sucking mine soft, then chewing it. It was good. As we left, they gave me the little basket, complete with coffee beans inside. (*I must remember not to admire things.*)

We had lunch. At table, we all first had our hands washed—formally. No Batoro (Ba-Toro, meaning people of Toro) will eat before washing his hands. A man comes around the table with a basin and a pitcher of water. He holds the basin near you, you hold your hands over the basin, and he pours water over them; you shake them dry while he passes on to the next person.

Plates were put before us, but no silver. No “weapons,” as Pauli says. From a big wooden dish set in the centre of the table we were helped to plantains which had been steamed to a solid mush, sweet potatoes cooked whole, and meat (which was roast goat). The goat had been especially killed in our honour, and we saw its skin pegged out on the ground in the courtyard, drying in the sun. Nyabongo sliced off small pieces of meat for us, and we ate entirely with our fingers, African fashion. It was quite a feat, and Pauli and I had to watch carefully and experiment for a while before we could even begin to manage it. The trick is to knead some of the solid plantain mush into a little ball, bringing the ball to a sort of point between the forefinger and thumb, then make a cuplike depression in the ball with the thumb, dip the ball into gravy, which fills the little depression, then eat the ball. It takes a bit of doing, but both Pauli and I were greatly interested in the procedure and did our best. I enjoyed eating with my fingers, legitimately, as much as Pauli did.

There was no dessert, as Africans do not have dessert. We finished by washing our hands and mouths—which by then certainly needed washing—again over the basin which was brought around.

After lunch people came in to see us from all the surrounding villages. They first bowed to Nyabongo, then sat on the floor just looking and listening. Still no women. Finally I asked about them, and our host took me to another courtyard and introduced me to his wife. She was very attractive and modest, spoke some English, and explained that it is quite incorrect in their society for the women to eat with the men, that they always remain well in the background and usually out of sight, but that they have definitely important, responsible, and respected places in their homes, families, and society in general.

She showed me around the courtyards and graciously allowed me to take pictures. I wouldn't have dared to ask, but Nyabongo joined us and suggested that I use my camera, and that was all I needed.

Rested and refreshed, we were off again in the car. It was a little cooler, and we found the countryside very interesting. Buganda is all hills and valleys. Toro is a high plateau, with great stretches of grazing ground and hills running into mountains. In the valleys of both provinces there is intense tropical greenness, and there are strips of true jungle which they say are the remains of the original rain-forest. And always, on high and low ground, the banana groves. Nyabongo says the banana is more than a general food; from the plant in varying stages of ripeness they make soap, beer, wine; they use the leaves for wrapping parcels, for keeping water off the roofs in storms; they use the stalks for building foot bridges. They certainly use the banana.

The red colour of the earth goes very well with the deep green. The grass is more than twice as tall as a man, looks rather like slim blades of corn, and is called elephant grass. Papyrus, from which the ancient Egyptians made paper, is much taller than the grass, and grows everywhere beside water.

All along the road as we approached Kabarole chiefs and relatives of Nyabongo stood out by the roadside to welcome us, and we kept stopping the car to exchange

greetings. We arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and Pauli and I were faint with exhaustion. We passed through Kabarole to the outskirts and came to the guest house of Maliko Bwente Kaboha, the county (saza) chief with whom we are to stay. The approach to the house was lovely: a road winding up a hill with banana groves on either side. At the top was a high extensive reed fence which entirely hid the big well-built rambling bungalow and courtyard and smaller reed enclosures at the side and back of the house.

We drove through the gate of the outer fence into a garden courtyard, green with well-kept grass; on through the next gate into an inner courtyard, much larger; and came face to face with the house, which was built around three sides of the court.

Chief Kaboha came out to receive us, and after a charmingly formal but cordial little speech of welcome, turned over the house to us entirely, to use during our stay in Toro. I thanked him as best I could, and then sat down, because I was too exhausted to stand up any longer. He saw that I was very tired, and he and Nyabongo promptly ordered baths. Pauli and I were each given a full bath in warm medicated water, which was to rest our nerves. It did, too. Then we were put right to bed.

July 19. Kabarole. Up early, though feeling pretty low. Pauli seems fit enough, bless him. That's youth for you.

We are both very much interested in the house. It is beautiful, a bit elegant, and very comfortable indeed. It is unlike anything I have ever imagined. Our front and back steps are whole logs, laid side by side from the spacious courtyard across a little moat to the veranda. The veranda is shaded by the steeply sloping grey corrugated iron roof and closely bounded reed latticework.

Through the front door to the right is the cool sitting room, and to the left the very large double bedroom, from which a hall leads out onto the back veranda, which faces an entirely private "personal" courtyard, containing the

bath and lavatory enclosures, separate, and a short distance from the house.

The right wing of the house is built closed off from the rest, and is the dining room. We reach this by walking around the front veranda, or by crossing the front courtyard. The back door of the dining room leads out onto the kitchen court and enclosures, where all the cooking, laundry, and household work are done. All the courts are enclosed by high, beautifully woven reed fences, giving complete privacy.

Inside the house, about four feet below the sloping corrugated roof, is a whole second ceiling of reed lattice-work bound together with leather thongs. This makes an air pocket between the heat of the roof and the room, and keeps it always cool. The walls are made of a plaster-like mud-clay-cement which is whitewashed with a natural chalk mixture. The floor is made of small volcanic stones ground to a powder, mixed with sand and held together with cow dung. The floors are entirely covered with matting and woven grass mats, all of which have pretty, simple designs.

There is no furniture except absolute necessities. In the sitting room are a few chairs, a table, and a few grass plaques on the wall. In the bedroom are two beds, two chairs, and a table with pitcher washbowl, and soap dish. The beds are different from any I have ever seen: single, with four round posts (legs only). Bars across the head and foot of the bed fit into the posts, as do bars on each side. Pauli's has a series of strong thongs interwoven across the space between the bars, making a sort of woven spring with a little "give" rather like a hammock, only much more taut and much stronger. Mine has a similar woven spring of strong wide grass tape. A little pallet is laid over the "spring," then the sheets. The beds are sturdy and surprisingly comfortable, though one must get used to them.

The bath enclosure is roomy and well protected by a high reed fence, though open to the sky. One always bathes

before sundown, and it is always warm. It feels a bit odd to have a bath outdoors. The lavatory enclosure is immaculate and quite private: the hole dug in the ground, lined with zinc, and kept covered when not being used. Everything is spotless, convenient, and comfortable.

The front of the house faces Kabarole, the capital of Toro, though we cannot see it because of our spacious courtyards and high reed fences. The back of the house faces the famous Ruwenzori Mountains, which are quite near, and are approximately on the equator.

After breakfast I felt pretty rotten. Nyabongo looked closely at me, felt my pulse and forehead, and sent me back to bed. I went gratefully, which frightened Pauli. He knows me as the "doctor" or "nurse," telling everybody else what to do. During the day I developed a roaring fever, was cold and shivery, then pouring with perspiration, head bursting, eyes bulging, back broken in two at the waistline, and terrific nausea with nothing happening. I was thoroughly frightened and poor little Pauli kept asking fearfully: "How is the Mamma? Must I telephone Daddy?" I was too ill to care what anybody did about me or about anything, but I remember trying not to frighten him further.

July 21. Nyabongo, amazingly, turned very efficient nurse, went over my symptoms calmly and intelligently, gave me dose after dose of medicine—each one nastier than the one before, but each producing results. After two days he finally broke the fever, cleared me up, and got me up on my feet—very dizzy and floating, but up anyway.

Pauli seems all right. Chief Kaboha has sent his son John, who is eleven, to play with him. They are having a wonderful time.

July 22. I felt better today. The Mukama's sister, Komuntale, came to see me. Her title is Rubuga, which means Queen Sister. She is big, handsome, a very pretty smooth brown colour, very shy but delightfully friendly, and speaks

English. We got on immediately. When she felt sure I was strong enough she took me in the car to the local market, which was most interesting. She made me take my camera along, and I blessed her for that. I never bring it out unless I am sure no one will mind.

In one far corner of the market was a place where fish—dried vile-smelling stuff—was sold to the Nubians. Nyabongo says the Nubians, soldiers and their wives, were brought down by Lord Lugard some years ago and remained here, preferring Uganda to their own country. The women wore rings in their noses.

I was interested in the women's corner of the market where toilet articles were sold: bundles of perfuming sticks, soap cakes which look like stones, wire bracelets, bark cloth. In other parts of the market there was produce: coffee, millet, casava, mushrooms, tobacco, beans, the very important salt, locusts, etc. Nyabongo says the locusts are eaten by the Bamba and the Bakonjo, the tribes which live on the slopes of the mountains.

The market is held on a sort of common—an open space outside the village. It was crowded and business was brisk. I bought a lot of things and paid for them with East African silver (which is almost identical with English silver). It was interesting to watch my purchases being wrapped in banana leaves. I then bought a grass shopping bag to hold them.

When we got home Queen Sister explained my purchases to me. The soap ball (*asboni*) is used a great deal for shampoo; it leaves the hair very clean and very black. The soap stone is a flat cake of medicinal clay found in river beds or in the mountains. The women take up the wet clay, work it into a very thick pancake, and dry it very hard in the sun; it is called *orusasa*. To use it you dip the cake into water, rub it in the palm of the hand into a sort of mud, and rub the mud over a small surface of the arm well into the skin; it dries and rubs off, bringing all the dirt and skin trash with it, leaving the skin dry, clean, and sweet-smelling; in this way

you go all over the body in sections, cleaning and scenting it.

The bundle of perfume sticks is made up of branches from a tree called *ebibaya*, which grows in the valley; the people put the sticks in a small fire vessel and let them burn very slowly, put the fire under the chair in which the lady is sitting, and cover her well with blankets; she thus gets a kind of scented smoking, which leaves her clean and fresh and smelling very sweet.

The bark cloth, *orubugo*, is made from large strips of bark from a tree called *umutoma*; the very thick bark is pounded with a club till flat and thin, then laid in the sun for two or three days to dry. Red clay is pounded in to colour it. Orubugo is used for blankets, dresses, and other cloth articles. Strangely enough it is made only by men.

I was tired and a bit weak after the market, so had a rest before dinner. Nyabongo says dinner was typical: chicken or beef steamed with lots of onions; plantains steamed thoroughly to a digestible stiffish mush; sweet potatoes steamed whole or mashed; and we had bananas for dessert. The bananas are large, very yellow, and tree ripened, hence their marvellous taste—exactly as though they already had sugar and cream added. You eat the banana from the skin as you peel it.

Breakfast is pineapple or orange juice, or both. And I get coffee, Pauli gets milk.

People come from far and near to see us: chiefs, ministers, teachers, students, herdspeople, ordinary people. All make formal greetings, thank us for coming to their country, for bringing news of the outside world. According to their age or rank they sit on the floor, on stools, or on chairs. The stools look awkward, rather like something we would set a large jardinière on. But, as Pauli says with a naughty giggle, "It makes our jardinières very comfortable when we set them on the stools."

The English the people use is charmingly formal—almost church. The Chief was worried when I was ill, and every morning came to my window and said, "Are you awake?"

Are you better? I am very pleased to hear so." The children say, "Come let us play," with exactly the same intonation as "Come let us pray."

At first, the people who came to see us welcomed us very warmly, then sat down and remained quiet. I began by talking with those who understood English, and soon we were all talking at once, sometimes waiting for translation, sometimes understanding the general drift so that interpretation was unnecessary. Word soon got about that we were very much "all right"; then people came in a steady stream from far and near.

The fabulous Mountains of the Moon are as fascinating in fact as they are in story. They are called Rwenzoli by the people here, Ruwenzori by the Europeans. It was Ptolemy, the great Greek geographer, writing about A.D. 150, who gave them the name Mountains of the Moon. The classical tradition that the sources of the Nile are in two lakes, whose waters are fed by the snows melting on Rwenzoli, was handed down unchallenged until it was confirmed by Stanley in 1888, when he came upon this mountain range. It is romantic to think that the historic Nile begins practically just beyond our back yard, with the melting of the snow on these mountains.

The range forms a natural barrier between West and East Africa, and between Uganda and the Congo. The peaks are usually clothed in clouds and mist, but occasionally they are clear, and with the sun on them they are a magnificent sight. From our enclosure we can see the cattle grazing on the foothills and the low slopes, where the obscure Bakonjo tribe lives. The bamboo line begins at about 7,000 feet, and part of the great Uganda-Congo heavy tropical forest pours over the low slopes on the far side and into the Congo. Leopards roam these forests right up to the permanent snow line, which begins at about 13,000 feet and extends to the 20,000 foot high peaks.

Pauli and I have got into the local habit of looking towards Rwenzoli every morning when we get up. The best time to

see the range is first thing in the morning and in the late afternoon.

Presents are always arriving, some from people all over the countryside whom we haven't even seen. The Chief sent a stool especially made for me. I had admired the stools, and commented on their unexpected comfort. I *must* stop this. It is made of oak, out of a single tree trunk, with no joints anywhere. It was smeared with cow dung to keep the new wood from splitting, then roasted in the fire; when the wood has aged the cow dung will be washed off and the wood will be polished.

Some of the presents are disconcerting: a live goat, a covered wicker basket in which a fat live hen nestled in straw, huge bunches of bananas and plantains, baskets of oranges and pineapples when word went round that we liked them for breakfast; and beans. We've had a delicious dish of the beans cooked with onions and mashed to a stiff purée.

July 23. Went to pay our respects to the Mukama of Toro this morning. He sent his car for us at nine-thirty, and we drove through a locust storm to the palace. Pauli said it was like the movies. (It is strange, when one comes to think of it, that natural phenomena should seem like fiction or films, and not vice versa, to city bred or highly civilized people.)

When we left the house the sky was clear and the sun brilliant. Five minutes later the air was thick and dark with locusts: They were swarming everywhere, forming a dark grey moving blanket over everything green; over the ground, over the trees, over the car inside and out. They abandoned us and the car immediately when they found we weren't the green stuff which they had come to eat. Clouds of them filled the sky blotting out the sun. Pauli said it was just like a "rainstorm without the water." In less than twenty minutes they had gone, leaving the countryside stripped bare of green. Nyabongo says they don't stay long in Toro because it is too cold here near the mountains.

The palace is built on the highest hill in Kabarole, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. It is simple but impressive; white, and strongly built, standing within a series of spacious and beautiful courtyards, the whole enclosed by a high handsome reed fence. Nyabongo tells me these reed fences are typical of Uganda, and the intriguing woven designs have meaning; important chiefs and royalty have certain definite designs; some patterns indicate kitchen, bath, private, or ordinary enclosures.

We drove through the gate into the outer courtyard where we were met by the King's secretary, who ushered us at once to the royal sitting room. The Mukama is a big well-built handsome brown man, about six feet tall and very broad, very well groomed in a well-cut tropical suit. He is young, in his late twenties I should guess, and speaks English very well. He was cordial and friendly, entirely informal, and we liked him immediately.

Pauli had taken great pains to learn the formal royal greeting. He and Nyabongo had gone into a huddle the night before to be sure he was letter perfect. So Pauli, confident, stood to attention after the first greeting and said, in perfect Rutoro (Ru-Toro, the language of Toro): "*Zo-na Okale!*" (Hail to the King!) Mukama smiled in delighted astonishment, and then we all sat down. Pauli then went right over to the King, climbed into his lap, touched his forehead and chin with the tips of his fingers and said, "*Orairata waitu?*" (Did you sleep well, Ours?). I was startled, and hoped he knew what he was doing. But it seems this is the traditional royal greeting. Mukama answered him gravely in Rutoro, then laughed with pleasure and hugged him. "This small one has a gift for languages," he said. "Not only the words, but the accent, the inflection is perfect." He then welcomed us very warmly to Toro, we had a pleasant chat, and he said he was looking forward to a long talk with us very soon. We then took our leave.

It seems it is custom for the first royal audience to be short and merely good manners. Later, if the king wishes, he sees

more of the visitors. Nyabongo says we are to address him as Mukama, which is respectful but informal. His title is *Omukama wa Toro* (King of Toro), and his name is Amoti Kamrasi Rukidi.

From the palace we went along to see the Prime Minister of Toro, who has recently returned from official safari to Katwe, the salt district near the Congo which we hope to visit. He is intelligent and most attractive, and surprisingly young. He has to go himself to Katwe and the Sleeping Sickness Island in the big lake once every three years, going into the forbidden areas. Then he comes back home and has to remain under observation two or three months, to make sure he has not caught anything himself. Everyone says, "Katwe? Fever!"

We had a most interesting conversation, and he showed me something in the new book on Uganda by Scott and Thomas which was troubling him. It was about "crown lands." When I asked him *whose* crown, Mukama's or King George's, he looked at me silently and speculatively: "That's an idea, and thank you for it!" he said. I still don't quite know what he meant.

The Prime Minister took us to see the Rukurato, or local parliament house, and then we went along to pay our respects to the British official at Fort Portal, just a few miles from Kabarole.

The District Commissioner is Mr. Temple-Perkins, a New Zealander—youngish, a long tall pleasant straightforward man, whom we liked on sight. After the usual exchange of formalities, he took us over to the residency where we could really talk. The house is typically English, very attractive with gardens and grounds and a sweeping view. He gave us tea, and we talked some more. He knows of Raymond Firth, my anthropology professor in London, who also comes from New Zealand. And he had helped with the "location unit" which came out to photograph background for the *Sanders* film. So we began with friends in common.

We sounded him out on the possibility of the trip to the Belgian Congo, and asked permission for Kobaha to accompany us. It looks complicated.

July 24. Mukama asked Nyabongo to let Pauli come over to stay with him. It is a very high compliment. But Pauli, while appreciating the honour, didn't want to leave me, and I have to be here where I can work. It was sweet of Mukama.

July 25. Today is Saturday. It seems strange, but it makes no difference what day it is. The only important or especially significant day in the week is market day. That is the day everyone looks forward to, the day when you see and chat with everybody, exchange what news there is, and do your shopping.

Today was pretty important for me, however, because I did my first actual field work. We spent the day in Kahungere, a cattle village about five miles from here, right at the foot of Rwenzoli, where I studied the details and customs of the care of the cattle—the milking, watering, etc. Kahungere is in what is known as the “west grazing ground” of Toro.

We got up early, dressed in long trousers and mosquito boots as protection against flies. We took “the path,” which is so narrow we had to walk single file through the countryside. On either side of the path the elephant grass was more than three times our height, and in many places it was so high as to make the path nearly dark, as though in a forest. The moment you step off the road you are practically invisible.

At first Pauli and I were nervous, thinking of the possibility of lions, snakes, etc.; but Nyabongo and the three men who were with us were so gay and unconcerned we decided all must be well. Soon we realized that the path was hard and well travelled. It wound over the hills, crossing many other paths, often crossing the open road. It was easy to walk on if you kept to the very centre. Occasionally we met

people, and they would stand back against the wall of tall grass to let us pass, with a pleasant greeting. It was all so novel to us that we covered the five miles before we realized it and came out over a low mountain to the cattle village.

In the village we rested in a kraal, the home of Kymuhangire, Nyabongo's former nurse. It was a typical herdsman's house—small, dark, but beautifully clean, with a fresh dried-grass floor on the porch, fresh grass mats in the yard and on the floor of the sitting room where chairs had been placed for us, and in which we rested.

People came to greet us from all the surrounding villages—all herds-people. Nyabongo held council for a short time, sitting in state under the roof of an open hut in the enclosure, with everyone sitting on the ground in front of him.

Then we all walked over to the cattle kraal which was about a mile away behind a banana grove. A kraal may be an enclosure with a house and all the subsidiary inner courts and huts, may be a group or even a small village of houses within a huge outer enclosure, or may be a large open space with a few roofed corrals where cattle are kept.

In the centre of the cattle kraal was a large open area stamped clear of grass and burned black by fire. The cattle were brought here from the grazing grounds and made to circle around a smoking fire to drive away the flies. There were about sixty to seventy cattle, nearly all with the enormous long murderous-looking horns, cows as well as the one bull. There is usually one bull only to each kraal. He is called *ngundu*, is always respected and not killed, except in rare cases when he is presented to some distinguished person. In the old days people had been known to commit suicide if the bull died.

Near the open area is the milking kraal, a fenced-in space with a gateway, in the centre of which is the herdsman's fire—*komi*—a sacred fire which is never allowed to go out, except when the king dies. The cows are driven into the milking kraal two or three at a time, are stood over the

smoking fire, brushed with long grass for flies, and their hides cleaned. Then they are walked over to the milking space. The calves are brought in, are allowed to suck each nipple clean and to start the flow of the milk, then are led away. The herdsman then washes his hands with water from a horn, a clean fumigated milk bowl is placed between his knees by the herdgirl, and he squats almost to the ground (does not sit) holding the bowl between his knees. He milks directly into the bowl, making foam as he does so. This is expert work. Milking without foam is called *buhule*, and is ordinary. Milking with foam is called *ifuro*, and is elegant. No good herdsman will milk without foam. The milker, called *mata*, is usually elderly, with great experience. Women never milk.

Pauli was given a glass of the foaming milk, said it was delicious, and drank it down. But later he was terribly ill with spasms of the stomach. He had eaten bananas in the morning against orders. The long trip, the excitement, the indigestible bananas, and the raw milk combined to give him the wildest nausea.

The cows circling the smoking fire in the open space lowed and called, and made what sounded like intimate conversation with the cows inside being milked. The cows answered back in kind. The herdsmen seemed to understand these noises, and laughed and made jokes about them.

After the cows had been milked their teats were smeared with soot from the fire to make them too bitter for the calves to drain. Then they were driven out and other cows brought in.

After a while we went back to the house, and Nyabongo again held council. Then we had lunch; millet cooked to a thick mush and very starchy, goat meat, and our first taste of *sim-sim* prepared with mushrooms—which was very good indeed. After lunch Nyabongo put Pauli to bed, then went out and held further council with the men, while I talked with the women through an interpreter. They first welcomed me and thanked me for coming to their obscure

village. They wanted to know what kind of work women did "outside," how they brought up their children, how their men treated them, how they dressed, whether they went to school with the men. They wanted to know if I thought our black children will have a place in the world, a real place, or will "they only be told what to do?" "We are tired of being told what to do. Our children will be more tired of it."

Nyabongo dismissed the men and called the women to council. Then the children. It went on for hours. Pauli was sleeping restlessly, and I was a little worried about him.

Later Nyabongo and I went down to the trough to watch the cattle being watered. When we returned we found Pauli feeling pretty badly, so we started home. Almost the whole village walked part of the way with us, African fashion, in friendly farewell. They turned back when we reached the path. Long before we had covered the five miles home Pauli was ill and had to be carried on the shoulders of the men. He was too sick to be embarrassed.

July 29. It rained and double rained last night. "Big rain," they call it here. Nothing I have heard or read of tropical rains prepared me for them. They are frightening with their great walls of water, flaming lightning, bellowing thunder, and uprooting winds. Pauli says the rain beats down so hard it bounces, like hail.

This morning the air was chilly, all the dust laid, and the mountains startlingly clear. We can see the cattle grazing on the low slopes, the burned fields, and the lovely jagged outlines of the snowy tops.

Both Pauli and I have been very ill. The wild indigestion developed into something quite serious. The bananas formed into hard lumps which very nearly gave him intestinal obstruction.

Nyabongo's sister, who is the nurse in the Kampala Hospital, and Queen Sister came over to help Nyabongo nurse us. Pauli had violent spasms of the stomach, couldn't

keep anything down for three days, and got quite thin. He was pretty scared, poor lamb, but not half so scared as I was. I couldn't imagine what I would tell Big Paul and Mother if anything happened to him. I dared not think what I would tell myself. Finally we got him cleared out, and then he broke out in a banana rash—great welts on the skin of hands, arms, legs, face, and neck. We massaged the welts with a tropical ointment, which made him comfortable, and they eventually disappeared.

Then I went down with a terrific fever and was in bed three days—very faint, couldn't even sit up. I was too low to worry about our being such a nuisance to our hosts. I must say it gives one a feeling of confidence to see how the people mobilize for illness, take it in their stride as part of the ordinary business of living, and know just what to do and how to make you comfortable.

Medicine plants and medical knowledge are almost entirely women's work. The young ones get information from their mothers and grandmothers (from "the old ones") and learn the roots, plants, leaves, medicinal clays, and their uses. A man doctor is never called except for extreme or very serious illness. All the minor general ailments are women's work. You call in another woman if you don't know yourself. Royal women especially know a great deal about these things. It is considered one of their accomplishments to know medicine. Queen Sister knows far more than her contemporaries.

We have now settled down comfortably to living. We know what we can eat, what agrees with us, what to decline. Goat meat and goat soup, which are very popular, are definitely out because both always disagree with us and we dislike them. We get a lot of chicken, which is also popular and we like it very much. The sweet potatoes are very good, and so are the green beans which they don't string, and the dried beans which they mash. All are beautifully cooked, well seasoned and delicious. And there are always the plantains, which are the potatoes of the African table.

Queen Sister came over yesterday and spent the day with us. She is certainly good company. She said Pauli must not eat the small bananas, which are indigestible, especially for children; he must eat only the large ones, which are not so heavy nor so rich—although they look so—but are softer, sweeter, and already partly digested in the growing and ripening. Nyabongo promptly collected all the small ones, put them out of reach, and sent for big ones.

A gift basket of eggs arrived this morning and an enormous amount of plaintains. Just as you begin to feel you are making a nuisance of yourself with illness, you wake up one morning and there on your doorstep are thoughtful, generous, practical gifts to make you feel welcome.

Went for a walk this afternoon and saw some of the garden at the back. It is mostly peas and coffee. Beyond the garden we found an old hut in an enclosure, where a girl was grinding millet. The grain was spread out on a large, flat, slightly hollow stone, and she rubbed it with another smaller stone until it was crushed to a fine white powder. This powder (flour) is used for making a vegetable mush and a mild beer called *busera*.

When we got back from our walk the Chief sent for us to join him in our kitchen enclosure. There we found two boys holding a small bull with lovely short horns. Kaboha made a little formal speech, saying that in the old days when they had a distinguished visitor of great importance, it was their custom to present him with a bull. He said they still cling to their customs, and now he, Kaboha, was presenting me, his distinguished guest, with this bull.

I thanked him as nicely and as effusively as I could, I wish I could have made a flowery speech, which is what I am afraid was expected of me. I did the best I could and am sure they all sensed that though I was not wordy, I was really appreciative. (I needed Paul very badly then. He would have made a perfect speech, and they would have loved the roll of his voice, his warmth, his smile, and his stature.)

The bull was then killed and parts were sent to important people, and we ate the remainder some days later.

I nailed Kaboha and got him talking. He is most interesting. I was curious about the burning of the fields. Everywhere all over Toro, even on the lower slopes of Rwenzoli, fields are burning. Kaboha says every year the elephant grass is cut down, burned, then the ashes are dug into the ground. Piles of rubbish grass are placed at various regular points and set fire to, the ashes are spread over the ground and beaten in by the rain. Then the crop of millet is sown. This burning of the fields is universal throughout this area—in Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo.

Kaboha went on to tell me that the purely economic crops (*ebyamaguzi*, meaning anything for sale) of Toro are cotton, coffee, and wheat. Cotton is sown in August and harvested in January; coffee is sown in the rains, taking two years for a crop; wheat is sown twice yearly, in April and August, and harvested in July and November. These crops are men's work, from beginning to end, and the women only help in an emergency.

The generally domestic crops are sweet potatoes, corn, beans, and peas. The potatoes are planted when it rains and take three months to mature. They are often planted three times a year if one has enough plots of land. Corn, beans, and peas are planted in the same plot, twice yearly, in April and September, and are harvested in July and December. These domestic crops are women's work.

Plantains or bananas are planted whenever it rains; it takes two years to get a crop. Both men and women do this work.

Kaboha says the soil and climate here in the centre of Toro are excellent. We are about 5,000 feet above sea level, the soil is a fertile volcanic ash, and the rainfall is well distributed.

The schoolteachers came in from the surrounding districts to see me this evening, to talk and listen and to ask questions. How I longed for Paul to help me. There were about fifty

of them, most of them young, eager, and intelligent. They wanted to know all about schools in England and in America: Do black and white people go to the same schools, or do governments waste money by maintaining separate schools? May black people study medicine, economics, law, and the classics, as well as agriculture and crafts? Is education expensive, or do one's taxes cover it? Are there black teachers? How do black people earn money? Are they allowed to do every kind of work, skilled as well as unskilled—do they work side by side with white workers? Do they get the same pay? Will I please tell them about the so-called "backward peoples" of Russia, and what are they doing now? (Africans have been disposed of so long as "backward" that they are eager to hear what is happening to other "backward" peoples.) They were heartily encouraged by what I could tell them about the successful integration of nomads like the Yakuts into the highly industrialized modern Soviet society.

"How long did it take, this integration?" they asked anxiously.

"Ten to twenty years," I said.

A long sigh went through the crowd: "Not the thousand years they say it will take us! Though we are not 'backward' in any sense of the word. What do they mean by this 'backward'?"

Before I could answer, or try to answer, a fellow teacher said: "They mean people they have kept back, and continue to keep back."

I told them that some of the more primitive tribes of Russia had had no written language, and the government had brought people from such tribes to Leningrad, to the Institute of Minorities, where they had themselves worked out a written form for their own languages, with the help of the great scholars and teachers of the country, and that now the history and folklore of all these tribes have been recorded by their own people, in their own languages.

This impressed my listeners enormously. They wanted to hear everything about this country which looked after its "children" so well. I told them every scrap I could.

After a satisfying evening, I walked with them to the outer gate of the enclosure. The moon was up, half full, and was as clear as could be. It was quite light and a bit chilly, but the night was very pleasant and peaceful.

July 30. Today we watched the making of banana wine back of the kitchen enclosure, in the open, and it was very interesting. We have been drinking the wine for some time and find it pleasant and cool, light and fruity. I was curious to see how it was made.

The whole business of wine and beer making takes place in a special space set apart for that purpose beyond the kitchen court. There is a large depression dug in the ground, about ten feet square by two and half feet deep, with sloping sides. This hole is well lined first with banana leaves, then with banana fibres. The hole is smaller or larger according to the number of bananas used.

The bananas are peeled and thrown into the hole until it is about one-third full. Then a man jumps into the hole and stamps them down with his feet until they are pulpy and soft, while other men throw in bunches of a special kind of grass from time to time, until the mass is about one-half grass and one-half fruit, and is thoroughly mixed. The grass is to give the pulp body, so it can be picked up and wrung out with the hands later on. If only a small amount of wine is being made, the mixing is done by the hands instead of feet. For royalty and important distinguished people the wine must be made in a special basket, with papyrus grass, and always with the hands, never with the feet.

When the grass and pulp are completely mixed, water is added and the whole mixture is well stamped until it is thin and soft. Then the pulp and grass are combed over to the side of the hole with the fingers, letting the juice settle on the other side, separately. Then the juice is dipped up

with small calabashes, poured through a strainer made of grass placed in a big banana leaf, into big storage calabashes, and is ready to drink. It is called *nsande*, which means banana juice, banana wine. It is delicious and contains no alcohol at all.

To make beer, which is called *marwa*, and is strong and contains a good deal of alcohol, millet is roasted, ground to a flour, and well mixed with the hands with banana juice until the whole is smooth and red. This is done in a big long wooden trough. The trough is then covered with a carpet of leaves, and onto this carpet is thrown all of the waste pulp. This keeps the mash warm, and it is left to ferment; in hot countries it takes twelve hours to ferment, and then is ready for drinking. In cool countries like Toro, twenty-four hours are needed. When it is ready, it is dipped up from the trough with small calabashes, strained off, and stored in big calabashes.

August 1. I have been working with the herdswomen in the dairy, learning a lot about custom and tradition. Everything connected with the handling of the milk after it is collected from the cattle is called *bisahi* (dairy) and is women's business. *Bisahi* is considered elegant work for ladies, and they take great pride in their knowledge and expertness. Experience in any branch of *bisahi* is definitely an accomplishment.

The ladies are delightful, intelligent, companionable, and have a great sense of fun. They think it a bit silly for me to learn all about *bisahi*, when I have no cattle and no hopes of getting any. But they like me, and I like them. They feel there must be some good reason for my learning, so they have settled down to doing their utmost to teach me. They are also pleased with my interest in and respect for their customs. Some of them speak a little English, I have been accumulating a few words of Rotoro, and we all understand gestures and inflection of voice, and so we are able to manage.

We often went off into gales of laughter over misunderstandings, and we all agreed after the second day that one of the most important words in any language is "why?" We enjoyed a lot of gossip while we worked, became very good friends, examined each other's hair, skin, clothes. We each found out how the other managed her husband, home, and children.

It was a wonderful experience for me. I learned a great deal about the very important business of living, and as a result have rearranged my sense of values to some considerable extent. The leisurely approach, the calm facing of circumstances and making the most of them, is very different from the European hustle and hurry and drive, and worry and frustration when things don't go well. The African gets things done, gets a great deal done, but gets it done without the furious wear and tear on the nervous system. Because the European doesn't see his own hustle and bustle he says the African is lazy, in spite of the fact that the African gets the work done.

When things go wrong the African does what he can about them, then philosophically goes on to something else. Because he does not waste his nervous energy bewailing what cannot be helped, the European says he is stagnant, indifferent, sluggish. I have always thought myself very energetic and ambitious, and am called "dynamic" by my friends, yet I find myself continually impressed with the ambition, energy, and capacity for work of the African. The European seems unable to recognize these qualities because their manifestations are in patterns unfamiliar to him.

Bisahi is carried on in a special hut beautifully built and immaculately kept. The dried-grass floor is kept fresh and sweet, and all the milk bowls and calabashes are spotlessly clean. The hut is fumigated at regular intervals. I learned about the making of butter and buttermilk, and there was a lot of teasing laughter as the women explained how every young herdsman, when engaged, always drinks lots of

buttermilk to make her fat and beautiful. Only women and children drink buttermilk; men never drink it. Children up to seven years of age drink sweet milk in the morning and evening, and plenty of buttermilk at noon. When seven years old the children begin to eat plantains, meat, and other things. The children on a diet of milk are always cleaned out regularly and thoroughly once a week.

The women deplored the fact that the herds of cattle are fast dwindling. They say that as recently as 1933 Nyabongo had a herd of 2,000 cattle, and that even the ordinary person had 20 to 50 head. "Then the government began to inject all cattle with needles, and the cattle died. We understand that needles are helpful for some diseases. One must study and understand needles on the one hand, but one must also study and understand cattle on the other. Our cattle were healthy. We had no milk or cattle disease. Yet all our cattle were given the needle, and many of them died. This civilization business," they sighed, "can be very destructive. Now we have little or no cattle, and must return to the soil."

This return to the soil is acutely felt by the herdspeople because their wealth and prestige, traditions and customs are associated with the possession of cattle. The herdspeople were the high caste, the aristocrats, and the agriculturalists the lower class, the common men.

August 2. Mukama sent his car for us after lunch today, and we spent the whole afternoon with him and his family at the palace. He is a charming and genial host, and the ladies are delightful. After the first few minutes they discarded all formality and we had a wonderful time.

Akiki Komuntale, the Queen (Mukama's wife), is nearly as tall as he is, and though young, has a calm and stately dignity and bearing. Her hair is cut very short like Pauli's. She looks so much like Dr. Jimmy Powell, a Negro friend of ours who is an X-ray specialist in Harlem, that she could easily pass for his sister. Queen Mother (Mukama's mother)

is also tall, with a charming snub nose and a delightful smile. They all have clear smooth brown skin, beautifully kept, and very well-groomed, very short, very tightly curly hair.

We talked of many things, and I was interested to note again that the royal family seems to know all the useful practical things, as well as being well informed generally. In discussing our forthcoming trip to the Congo, it was Mukama who said we must take our food with us and not risk eating anything on the road. Nyabongo and Kaboha had thought we could risk it, but Mukama said definitely no. In Europe a king would usually ask his A.D.C. for such information. Mukama knows the mileage to every important place in the country and always drives his car himself when not on business of state, though he is, of course, always accompanied by at least one chauffeur.

Mukama said further that we must take quinine before we go, we must wear mosquito boots, and we must drink no water whatsoever. He told me to be sure to look for some Congo ivory or ebony pieces around Mbeni. He also told me with a twinkle in his eye that no cameras are permitted through the customs into the Belgian Congo. "If the official sees it he will seal it." I am glad to know this in good time.

Then, speaking of cameras, he told me he was an enthusiastic amateur photographer himself, sent for his camera and took a lot of pictures. I was delighted and asked for and received permission to use mine.

Mukama was brought up by his mother's family in the palace, and was educated at Mission School, Mengo High School, and Budo (a special college for chiefs' sons) in Uganda. On graduation from Budo in 1924 he went to England for eighteen months, returning in 1926. On his return to Toro he joined the police, then the army, where he was a lieutenant in the King's African Rifles. He said he enjoyed his army training enormously. From the army he went to the palace as king.

Mukama has a fine sense of humour; in school he was always the centre of mischief, was popular with the boys, and liked sports; he still likes hunting and shooting and is an excellent shot. He loves throwing the spear and is very good at it, though he says he is not so good at it as the Abyssinians. He was good at his studies and especially enjoyed history, particularly any history which had to do with his own people. He is very much interested in music, has a fine collection of African musical instruments, and knows how to play them. He loves to play the drums and to listen to them, and owns a magnificent collection of them. He said he especially likes to listen to "distant music." He enjoys travelling, has a wonderful safari car, and his friends say he is a "very safari man."

Home for dinner, and we had some marvellous salt meat from our gift bull. Small pieces of the meat had been salted thoroughly, put on a spit and roasted slowly over the fire. The combination of salt and smoke and tender meat was delicious. Nyabongo says we may have it often since we like it so much.

The climate is very unexpected. Today for instance it is very windy and cool. It rains often, or is cloudy, but we have many sunny days when the dust is terrible.

The Rwenzoli range is usually rumbling. There are mild earthquakes every week, quakes which split the earth and make cracks in the houses. We found this startling at first, to put it mildly, but no one pays any attention to them, so neither do we. There are volcanic lakes under the earth on the hills, which can be heard hissing and steaming when you sit or lie on the ground; some can be seen letting off steam above the surface. This is certainly a volcanic area.

August 3. Spent the morning at the palace with Mukama. He described and explained all about the tradition and custom of coronation; when he brought out the coronation robes for me to see I looked at them so longingly he laughed and said I could photograph them if I wished. I took pictures

of the throne, the drums, spears, and the especially significant Crown-and-Beard. I was so interested and enthusiastic that soon I had Kaboha, Nyabongo, and Mukama himself helping me arrange the articles in the sun so I could photograph them most effectively; finally Mukama put on his robes and sat on the throne for me. He was terrific.

This present Mukama was crowned on January 30, 1929. His father died December 31, 1928. In the old days when a king died all the princes collected all their followers and ran away, organized themselves, and fought; whoever won the fight buried his father and was proclaimed king. The present Mukama is the first to succeed without fighting. When a king dies the royal drum is turned upside down and remains so until the new king turns it right side up again.

At three o'clock the afternoon before the coronation all the royal drums were taken before the palace; the Mukama beat each drum nine times, then chose the one he wanted for the ceremony. All the other drums were taken to a hillock outside the enclosure, where the head drummer announced that today all the drums are being beaten and let everyone be at peace. The drums were then beaten for dancing, and everyone came to dance and feast. The royal drums have individual names, and their individual tones are known and recognized all over the country.

At three o'clock the morning of his coronation the present Mukama left his grandfather's house where he had been living, and with some followers went to the palace. There he found people standing guard, and a ceremonial fight took place. After defeating the guards he took the royal drum and beat it, thus proclaiming himself Mukama. The people then gathered and saluted him in the customary way: "*Zona Okale!*" (Hail to the King!)

At nine o'clock the same morning the coronation procession went to Fort Portal where all the people of Toro had gathered. The British District Commissioner proclaimed to the whole assembly: "This is the Mukama who has succeeded his father."

Mukama then returned to the palace where he put on his Crown-and-Beard and made the ceremonial walk to the

Coronation House, a beautiful hut on an eminence in the palace grounds. He walked all the way on a special handsomely woven grass matting through special gates to the hut, and was accompanied by young men of noble birth who shouted praise words (*okuswagura*) as they walked.

Arrived at the Coronation House, Mukama stood for a few minutes so that all might see him, and the people shouted, "*Zona Okale! Zona Okale!*" He then returned to the palace, changed into his usual clothes, and went to sit on the veranda with his chiefs, who were waiting for him. The small basket of coffee beans was brought out, and he himself offered coffee to the chiefs.

If a chief has a father living, he does not receive this ceremonial coffee. When a chief's father dies, he goes before Mukama and announces the death. Mukama then gives him this ceremonial coffee, and milk to drink. After this coffee-milk ceremony, Mukama becomes officially the chief's father.

Drums were beaten the whole day and night of the coronation. Next morning at ten the Mukama and his chiefs and noblemen to whom he had given the Crown-and-Beard went into a special enclosure near the Coronation House and there prepared a shed under which the King stood and tried pretended imaginary court cases, as a formality. On this day Mukama and all the noblemen must dress as women.

The Crown-and-Beard is symbolic, and is conferred by Mukama for some special service, and as a very high honour. It is rather like a baronetcy, is hereditary, and remains in the family. There are not many: only four among the eight senior chiefs, and one among the forty-two sub-chiefs.

Still August 3. This afternoon the Bakonjo Chief came and took us to the Bamba-Bakonjo Market. We arrived nearly at the end of the day, and many of the people were leaving, but I managed to get some pictures. It was right out in the fields near the foot of Rwenzoli in a clearing in the

elephant grass near the main road. The people are quite small, and are related to the Pygmies.

Tonight we packed and made our final plans for the safari to the Congo tomorrow. We leave early in the morning. Kaboha is driving his safari car and taking along Kasujo, our very nice soldier from Mwengi, as a reserve driver, as well as an extra man for mechanical emergencies. Kaboha and Nyabongo are almost as excited as we are; none of us has ever been to the Congo, and all of us are equally eager and curious.

August 5. We left for the Congo at eight o'clock yesterday morning. Our route took us south from Kabarole along Rwenzoli, through Katwe, and around the south end of the range, then north-west across the border at Kasinde, continuing north-west on the other side of Rwenzoli following the Semliki River to Fort Mbeni, where we crossed the Semliki by pontoon ferry.

We made good time around the Toro curves over the lovely red-brown roads, and headed for Rwenzoli. Soon we crossed a river, rounded the mountains, then seemed to come right up into them. We could see the trees along the high ridges and the great forest near the top.

Leaving the mountains we came into entirely different country: straight roads, spacious grazing country with short grass, occasional umbrella trees and gentle hills. Then the country flattened out into far-reaching steppes, plains covered with the special wide-blade grass we used for the making of banana wine and for fumigation; farther along there are plains covered with tall grass with downy tops which is used for the making of mattresses.

Once again the aspect of the country changed, and we drove through strange flat dried-up-looking plains, arid and blasted. Very little grass and poor vegetation, almost no water in the streams, and occasional peculiar, very still, glassy-looking lakes. All this part of the country is very heavily impregnated with salt.

We passed one of the peculiar lakes quite closely; it looked as though it were filled with opaque glass instead of water. Nyabongo explained that the water has a great deal of salt and soda in it. We passed this lake again on the way back, at sunest, when the far shore was red and white with thousands of flamingoes, settled crowded on the shore and in the shallow water. It was fascinating to see them move about: It looked as though the shore itself was moving, changing colour and pattern.

Nyabongo tells us that about seventy years ago the Baganda came over to fight the Batoro, but the Batoro lured them down near this lake and then disappeared into Rwenzoli and remained there. The Baganda were very pleased with the country and decided to settle down and take possession. The thirsty army drank at this lake and half of them promptly died from the effects of the concentrated salts in the water. The Batoro then came out of the mountains and defeated the remainder, who fled back to Buganda where they belonged, and stayed there. The people call this Poison Lake and never drink its waters.

As the sun was getting really hot we reached Katwe and the salt mines. To the left as we came into Katwe is a very large beautiful lake, Lake Dweru, and to the far right are the salt lake and the mines. Lake Dweru is beautiful: There are two largish islands far out in the middle of the water, one covered with trees, and the other a big hill which is bare of grass. All over the lake people were fishing from African canoes not at all disturbed by the many hippopotamuses. Pauli and I watched the hippos for a long time: Some would rise suddenly to the surface with a big splash and disappear again; some would rise quietly, we would see a black speck on the water, which as we watched would sink out of sight. They did not seem to bother the canoes.

The islands in the lake are interesting: They tell me that in 1912 more than two thousand Africans were removed from the wooded island to the mainland by the authorities,

because of sleeping sickness on the island; nearly all of them soon died on the mainland because they were unaccustomed to the life there. They say that on the bare island there were six elephants, who ate the ground clean of grass, then five died of starvation and the last one was shot.

We went to the rest camp up on a hill and found it clean, cool, and inviting. We had lunch, then Kaboha and Nyabongo went out to greet the people and discuss local affairs. I took some pictures of the lake at the foot of the hill behind the camp; it looked like solid salt and soda with no water at all; the tracks of a bicycle seemed to cut across the edge of the lake as across dirty ice. I also took some pictures of the papaya tree at the edge of the camp. The fruit is very good.

We drove down from the camp to little Lake Katwe, the salt lake, and watched the workings of it. It is at the bottom of what looks like, and probably is, a large volcanic crater. The lake is an extraordinary sight from the heights above: The still, heavy, glassy, pinkish water looks exactly like a mirror reflecting the steep sides of the crater. Close up the water is maroon red with iodine. The salt deposits of this lake are unusually rich in iodine.

The overseer, who is African and speaks English fluently, showed us round and explained about the work. There was a raft out in the middle of the lake, on which rock brought up from the lake floor was being loaded. The men, standing hip deep in the water, pulled it up. When the raft was full it was towed to shore and unloaded. This rock has many crystals and is called Salt Number Three. We tasted it and found it very strongly salt.

This rock is left in enclosures made by mudbanks in the water at the edge of the lake. It remains there until the water becomes stiff to the touch and is very red. When enough salt is crystallized out it is collected, and is called Salt Number One. This crystallization takes about four months in the sun and air and water. Salt Number Two is very rough and grey and coarse and looks like dirty washing soda.

The workers look odd and rather forbidding with their black skins covered with the crusty salt.

The overseer told us that for many years "long before our grandfathers" the Batoro have been collecting salt from this lake, which is volcanic and natural. It had been much deeper but now is only thigh deep in the middle. He said the profit to date for the year is \$4,500. He says that salt porters come into Katwe from as far away as Ethiopia, and have been doing so for centuries.

And so on from Katwe to the Congo. Crossing at Kasinde we reported to the customs official. He was a nice little Belgian, very lonesome, very much out-there-in-the-wilderness. He insisted that we stay to talk and drink. First we spoke English which he scarcely understood; then French which he spoke so rapidly we couldn't understand; and finally German which surprisingly he spoke very well indeed. Both Pauli and I can manage German better than any other foreign language—Pauli because of his early years in the Tyrol, and I because of research reading in German for my chemistry.

Our Belgian wanted to know why we were going into the Congo and was pleased as a child when I told him I'd been to Brussels and seen the wonderful Congo Museum there, and had wanted to visit the Congo ever since. His eagerness to hear all about his homeland was pathetic. When had I been to Brussels? Was the city still beautiful? Had I seen the Cathedral? Did I drink at the sidewalk cafés? Had I been to Ostend? I did my best for him in my pedantic German, and he glowed with delight.

His house was in an uproar, with his wash hanging on the front porch, pyjamas thrown on top of the mosquito netting over the bed, empty bottles and boxes everywhere. My neat African friends seemed disconcerted at the disorder. When he learned Nyabongo was from Toro, he took him out into the courtyard and showed him his African wife, a big Toro girl. He said he couldn't find a good-looking girl in the Congo, so had to go to Toro for one. He was

being friendly, poor man, and thought he was complimenting Nyabongo on the attractiveness of his women. Nyabongo, of course, could have killed him.

Our little Belgian kept us an hour and a half, talking and drinking. Pauli ate up all his sweet biscuits before I knew what was happening. I had to fill out three forms each for Pauli and me, and one for the Cine-camera. He clamped a seal on the camera. He did not ask whether I had another camera with me, and I didn't say. All during the proceedings he kept shouting for his "boy," whose name was Blotto. Finally we got through.

The roads in this part of Congo are really dreadful—very rough, with deep ditches on either side, or with dense jungle crowding in. Kaboha kept worrying about his tyres and kept saying, "If we should meet another car, what would we do?" We told him not to worry because there certainly were no signs of traffic—not motor traffic anyway.

Near the bridge of a small river we saw elephant footprints, and Kaboha became transformed. He got out at once and examined them minutely. He is quite a hunter, and has killed ten elephants. Once one nearly killed him. He said he shot an elephant and when it fell down he was sure it was dead. He stood in front of it and told his boy to go round behind and cut off its tail. (Nyabongo says you always cut off the tail of an elephant you kill and show it, else no one will believe you killed it.) When the boy cut off the tail the elephant got up and ran for six miles, "leaving the tail with us." They pursued and killed it. Kaboha said the very first elephant he killed came upon him at six yards, and he got so excited he shot it at once, then shot it a second time and "it fell down dead."

We decided we were already too late to trail the elephant. Nyabongo and I had no intention of finding ourselves on the road in wilderness after dark if we could help it. Pauli, Kaboha, and Kasuga were all for taking up the trail, but we said no.

We drove for miles through desolate stretches of veldt

and plain into rolling uplands with palms and high grass, through dense jungle, through parklike scenery—following the winding Semliki River. The Semliki comes down from the mountains and is lovely: sometimes narrow, shallow, and tumbling over rock bed; sometimes through fairly steep heavily overhung banks; sometimes wide and deep and smooth through dense jungle. The river swarms with crocodiles, and the park-like countryside is famous for lions. From the heights above one can see the river for miles winding in and out through the lovely empty park and the great forest, like a shining ribbon. Sometimes near the rare villages, which are entirely out of sight from the road, we came upon women washing clothes in the shallows churning over the rocks at the edge of the river.

Finally we crossed the Semliki by pontoon ferry opposite Fort Mbeni, where it is very wide and deep, and the current so strong that it pulled the heavily loaded pontoon in all directions.

The pontoon was primitive but sturdy, and was expertly handled by the African ferryman. It was a huge raft built across a series of dugout canoes, and was pulled across the river by men manning the steel cables which stretched overhead from one bank to the other. Children and others bailed out the canoes as we crossed.

We continued along the bad roads to Mbeni. We passed men at work on the roads and saw the fascinating but frightening anthills (termite hills) by the roadside—hills much taller than a man, built and lived in by the tiny insects.

Kaboha was very interesting on the subject of ants: There are many huge anthills in Toro, and the people eat ants as a delicacy. It seems that in all anthills there is a big white ant without any hairs, called the mother-of-the-ants or the queen, which is always in the centre of the hill. Close around the mother ant are the small white ants, called princes of the anthill, and around these are the red ants which do the work of bringing in the earth and building up the hill.

If you want to destroy the hill you must get out the queen. To do this you dig under the hill, where you will find the roads and tunnels used by the ants leading to the centre and the queen.

There are four kinds of ants which are eaten: *empahu*, the big red ants; *egoro*, the big brownish ants; *entaiki*, red but not so big; and *enaka*, very small black ants. *Egoro* are the real delicacy, and next are the *enaka*.

There is a special time for each of the ants: *empahu* are taken in April, *entaiki* in September, *egoro* and *enaka* in October. The ants usually come out of the hill and fly very early in the morning—from one to five o'clock. To collect them you dig a hole very near the hill, and at flying time you hold a fire over the hole. The ants fall in the fire and drop into the hole, and you collect them in a bag. Men catch them. To cook them, you drop them in boiling water just to kill them, then dry them in the sun; when dry the hairs drop off, and then they are ready to eat. (I have in my time made note of many a recipe. This is one I shall probably never use myself!)

Arriving at Mbeni, we went right to the residency in search of the District Commissioner. He was a nice little Belgian, very friendly and helpful. He said he had had telegrams from Temple-Perkins, our D.C. at Fort Portal; and that he had already reserved our rooms for us. (It was very thoughtful and kind of Temple-Perkins to prepare the way for us. I must remember to thank him when we get back.) Our Belgian D.C. gave us directions, we drove along to the Ruwenzori Hotel, and he came tearing along immediately behind us on his bicycle.

At the hotel, which was a very sad affair, we sat in the lounge while a great deal of conversation went on between the Belgian hotel owner and our D.C. There was a lot of "noir, noir" in very rapid French, and we tried to look blank as though we did not understand the language. (I believe every Negro would understand and recognize the word "black" in any language. He would certainly

recognize the tone of voice which goes with the word!) After considerable pressure from our D.C., and a lot of "*distingué*" and "important" on his part against the "*noir, noir*," the owner finally gave in and showed us to our rooms. When we saw them we wondered what all the discussion had been about. They were scarcely fit for animals.

Nyabongo and Kaboha had a room at the end of the corridor; there was an apparently occupied room next, then came Pauli's and mine. Pauli said: "This is what we get when we are black and important. Wonder what we'd get if we were unimportant." We were soon to find out. The D.C. called for Nyabongo, who later reported that the owner had refused to let our "boys" sleep in the hotel, but had said they could sleep in the huts at the back. Nyabongo found them filthy and, fearing vermin and disease, made them sleep in the car.

The owner reluctantly consented to give us our meals, "but not those boys." So Nyabongo quietly made arrangements with the cook and the waiter, who gave them meals in the car. We ate in the lounge, part of which was used as dining room, part sitting room, and part reception desk. The meal was terrible. All through dinner the owner kept muttering in French: "If I have blacks in my hotel no white people will come." Pauli finally asked: "Mama, here in the Congo where nearly everybody is black, what white people does he mean?" We were to find out before the night was over.

In the sitting-room part of the lounge two young Belgians were listlessly playing backgammon, and smoking and drinking steadily. They were thin and heavy eyed, with the familiar "Congo pallor." They seemed very pathetic.

After dinner we took a short walk along the road. The moon was up, enormous and blood red, and the sky was full of lightning—brilliant and frightening—and low rumbles of thunder. After we went to bed it rained a "big rain," the downpour making a terrific clatter on the metal roof, and sounds of water flooding everywhere.

In the midst of all this uproar two Belgians, possibly the two young backgammon players, brought two women into the room between Nyabongo's and mine, and they quite noisily and unmistakably slept together. It was disgusting: the chatter in French between the two men, the conversation in pidgin French between the men and the women, and the giggly chatter in some Native dialect between the two women.

After about an hour of this, through which Pauli slept soundly, thank heaven, I heard the owner rush into the room shouting: "People come, people come!" He swept the young men and their ladies-of-the-night out of the room, the ladies protesting and making a great fuss.

All this noise eventually woke Pauli. We could hear the owner hurrying round the room probably tidying it up. Then we heard two heavy men enter and go to bed. They coughed and spit and murmured drunkenly the rest of the night. I said to myself in answer to Pauli's earlier question: "What white people?" "Oh, *those* white people!"

In the morning we saw the owner's Native wives—two fresh, pert, vulgar, cheeky women, one with a half-caste child. They were very eager to have their pictures taken, so I took them, to show "culture contact," as Nyabongo says. The owner himself was a sorry sight with his fried face and slovenly body.

In the clear morning light Mbeni is a picturesque place with a glorious view across the Semliki to the glaciers of Rwenzoli. It is 3,500 feet above sea level, and is said to be a fairly healthy station.

We left at eight o'clock to see the Pygmies. Our very kind and helpful D.C. had told us exactly where to go, and had sent two of his own special African soldiers with us as escorts and guides. We drove for about an hour through the outer rim of the famous Ituri Forest (Great Rain Forest), passing occasional small Bakonjo villages. We saw a lovely family of baboons, brown with fur very like that of chow dogs, crossing the road and swinging away in the bushes—

not at all hurriedly. We had disturbed them while they were eating potatoes by the roadside. Leaving the road we penetrated farther into the forest, driving carefully, till we came to a Bakonjo-Pygmy village. Here we left the car and continued on foot, led by the village Headman.

Grace Flandrau, in her book *Then I Saw the Congo*, says of the forest,

"The Ituri is virgin forest. Here and there where native settlements have endured for nobody knows how many centuries, the original growth had been pushed back, and second growth or grassland made its appearance. But for the most part it is primitive towering forest in the depths of which elephant, rare okapi, antelope, red buffalo and great oily pythons live."

Following the Headman along the path, which was like a tunnel cut through the dense and brilliant jungle undergrowth, we were continually fascinated with the trees, colossal and massive, with their foliage more than two hundred feet above the ground shutting out most of the sky and sun. They are really overpowering. Flashily coloured birds twittered and sang, monkeys raced about in the trees, swinging and chattering and passing rude remarks about us as we passed. Pauli said they made him think of Tarzan. I'm glad we didn't meet up with the gorillas and elephants, which abound in this forest, and which are said to be friendly!

As we made our way through the forest we could hear the drum of the Bakonjo village telling the Pygmy village we were on our way, and the answering drum of the Pygmy village saying they would meet us. I felt as though I were taking part in a film.

Finally we reached Ngite, our Pygmy village twenty-three miles from Mbeni. We did not at first recognize it as a village, so cleverly have the small huts been built among the sunny shadows and immense tree trunks in the small clearings.

The Pygmies seemed to come out from nowhere to greet us, smiling and friendly. They wore no clothes, except for a small ruffle of bark cloth around the middle of the grown ups.

The Headman of Ngite was immediately interested in Pauli, and the interest was certainly mutual. The Headman knew at once that Pauli was very young, and was intrigued by his height and breadth. Pauli in turn knew immediately that the Headman was "old" (he was about forty) and was fascinated by his very small but perfect physique, which was sturdy and muscular, and in beautiful proportion. When we described big Paul to the Headman later, stressing his size and voice, his eyes widened with eager interest, and he asked that we make sure to tell him to come and see them when he comes to the Congo.

The Pygmy men average four feet seven inches in height, and the women four feet four and one-half inches. They are yellowish brown in colour and have a slightly oriental cast to their features.

"The Pygmies are, it is said, the aborigines of Africa. When and if (as is now believed) the Bantus, untold centuries ago, migrated to Africa from Oceania, bringing the agricultural arts, the native Africans, now known as Pygmies, were driven deeper and deeper into the forest, where they endured much hardship and incidentally developed the finest woodcraft in the world. They may have been a small race to begin with, or the hard sunless life may have dwarfed them. However that may be, they are a totally different people from the Bantus. . . . Courteous, gay, good sports, marvellous trackers, charming companions, they pass in and out of the forest like shadows; never a branch cracks nor a leaf rustles to betray their presence. They penetrate the thickest underbrush with perfect ease."¹

"The Ituri Forest Pygmy is not a Negro, nor has he much in common with the black men of Bantu stock who live near him. He is called 'Tiki, Tiki' by the very few white

men who know him, but to many thousands of Natives who live around the forest edge he is known as 'Ifi.'

"Their district Chief told me that in all the forest lived about 10,000 Ifi tribesmen. They live in small clans of 25 to 50 souls, over which a sub-Chief rules. These sub-Chiefs are under an over-Chief in the district.

"There is a legend among the Bantu people that long before they entered the basin of the Congo, there existed here a race of dwarfs, who were light brown in colour, had crispy hair, and were known as the Batwa. Native tradition says that these Pygmies once lived near the present Lake Tanganyika, where we find today traces of an ancient Batwa kingdom antedating the arrival of the Bantu. The Batwa at that time had a tribal organization which resembled that in existence during the same time as the ancient Bushmen of South Africa; some of the Pygmy Chiefs can point to genealogies that run back two and three centuries. Like the Bushmen they are omnivorous, and like many primitive peoples, are passionately fond of salt. Being trackers and accomplished hunters, it is no great feat for them to keep the meat pot boiling. The forest abounds in wild fruits and roots, while the animal life is fairly abundant.

"In the killing of an elephant they show both courage and cunning, for this huge beast cannot easily be done to death by their puny weapons. They stalk him through the forest path until he stops to sleep, and as he dozes in some sunlit glade, creep within arms' length of his hindquarters, then sever his leg cords, thus making him helpless to run.

"A messenger is sent to the nearest village, the drums send out the glad tidings, and soon the hapless mammoth is surrounded by Pygmies who spear him to death by heaving their weapons and then deftly recovering them from the elephant, using them again and again.

"Their spears are small but well made, tipped with iron and often decorated with ivory. Their bows measure 28 inches of bowstring; the bow is made from a flexible wood, and the string from a creeper. Arrow shafts are shaped from the centre stem of the palm leaf, and the iron points

from a metal they mine from the earth and smelt and pound into shape themselves. To make poison, they seek the asage tree, cut chunks from it, pound these to a pulp and squeeze the juice into a pot. The arrow points are placed in this sap, and all are boiled together. It is a most deadly poison and kills even the hardy buffalo within two hours' time.

"The Ifi medicine men have some interesting practices in connection with the use of herbs found in the forest. There is very little sickness among the Pygmies excepting ringworm and outer skin afflictions. . . . They are a happy people, and continue to multiply."¹

We bought some of the bows and arrows with poisoned metal tips, and some musical instruments. The Pygmies posed readily and graciously for photographs, and accepted the cigarettes I gave them with delighted gratitude. As we left them, smiling and waving, we promised to send them some salt. Nyabongo says the salt will be a very great treat.

We then said farewell to Ngite and the lovable Pygmies.

On the way out of the forest we stopped at another roadside village, Matembe, where the people are again a mixture of Bakonjo and Pygmy. These people are very interesting, and the women wear curious heavy iron ornaments—bracelets and neck halters. I bought some of these, and one old lady insisted on taking the halter from around her neck and presenting it to me. The men thereupon tied her to a tree and pried it off her neck. When I saw how it had to be removed I hastily protested, but they all assured me that it couldn't possibly hurt her, that it only seemed awkward. The lady herself looked at me with a twinkle in her eye and smiled as though to say, "This is a good chance for me to get this thing off my neck, so don't spoil it." She looked so pleased after it had been removed I felt I had probably understood her smile. She had worn it since girlhood and it would probably have remained on all her life.

From Africa Speaks, by Paul Hoesler.

Many of the ladies in Matembe were smoking pipes and spitting far with expertness.

Continuing out of the forest, we came again upon our friends the Chowlike baboons. They were chattering and playing, and eyed us with friendliness. But as soon as I brought out my camera they scolded and swung away through the trees. We saw lots of other monkeys sitting up in trees. They seemed to stop their own conversation, regard us critically, comment shrilly while frankly pointing at us, then go back to their own social affairs ignoring us completely. They behaved so much like people that Pauli said, severely: "You really mustn't *point*. It's very rude!" We heard many signs of life in the dense jungle undergrowth, but by now we were no longer afraid.

On the way back to Mbeni we stopped at an obscure village in search of ivory and ebony work. After friendly greetings and pleasant conversation with the people, the Headman brought out all he had, and I bought it all. First he showed me some ivory salad spoons and forks, napkin rings, and a shoehorn (of all things) which had been made for some European tourist. They were beautifully carved to show the lovely grain of the ivory. I bought them, then asked for traditional pieces. He smiled, disappeared for some time, and returned with two magnificent ebony heads, a pair, man and woman, simply and beautifully carved, nearly life size. I was thrilled with them, and when he saw how much I appreciated the beauty of the work and the wood, he seemed vastly pleased. He also brought out a pair of small ivory statuettes and some lovely ivory bird figures, all smooth and yellow with age and simply and beautifully carved. He wanted to give me the ebony heads, but I managed tactfully to pay for everything I bought. I also remembered the cigarettes and salt, and the villagers were delighted.

Back to Mbeni, where we had lunch. By this time the hotel owner had for some reason decided we were very *pukka*, and so he rushed around serving us lunch himself.

At one time in his excitement he put three sugar bowls on our table. He told Nyabongo somewhat apologetically that he had never seen any black people like us. Nyabongo assured him calmly that there are plenty like us. We collected our things, paid our bill, and left. On our way out we called in at the residency to tell our D.C. how much we had enjoyed our visit to Ngite, and to thank him for his courtesy and help. He was very pleased.

We went back to the border by another route so we could see as much of the country as possible. Along the road in many places we saw canoes being hollowed out from the great trunks of trees which had been felled. The men work on the trunk where it falls, hollow it out, shape it up, then transport it to the water. The canoes are made of mahogany, oak, and other sturdy woods.

Along the road Nyabongo pointed out a special palm tree with a very long tall trunk, called *mukoga*. The fruit is edible, the leaves are used to thatch houses and to tie bundles, the trunk is split and used as poles for housebuilding, the oil in the fruit is used for cooking, the fruit can also be planted and gives a stemlike potato which is edible. They certainly use the *mukoga*!

There was another odd tree along the road, not so special and not so rare, called *muhora*. It has an unusual white trunk. We saw a lot of giant mahogany and the ebony or "hard" trees. Another tree which was quite common was a very peculiar, heavy, cactus-like affair with extraordinary inch-thick leaves which are so dark green as to look almost black. I photographed them both at a distance and close up. It is called *nkukuru*. If you break a leaf or merely prick it, milk is released from the inside. Nyabongo says you make a pill out of a little cooked plantain, put one drop of this milk inside the pill and swallow it; it makes a much stronger purgative than castor oil.

Arrived once more at Kasinde, the border, we found our little customs official having his nap. The "boys" refused to call him, so we hallooed and got him up. He was friendly

and cordial as ever. We gave him back our papers, he unsealed the Cine-camera, we drank some beer and chatted a while, and left.

Crossing the little border river, the Rubiraha (the Scratch), we were again in Toro with good roads and no tyre worries.

Right after crossing into Uganda, while still following the Semliki, we came across the tracks of a herd of elephants. Kasuga spotted them first, and at once Kaboha, keen and excited, leaped out of the car and began searching the river bank. We all followed, equally interested, and traced the great footprints right down to the water's edge. The river was quite shallow and narrow at this point, and as we scanned the opposite bank we saw the herd grazing peacefully in the high grass among the trees. There were two enormous ones with tremendous tusks which looked very handsome and rich in the waning sunlight; many not so large, and some funny awkward cute babies. We whistled and hallooed and blew our motor horn to attract their attention. They put up their huge ears, waved their mighty trunks, shifted to get the wind and place our smell, then continued to graze calmly. We watched them for a while, and Kaboha said longinily: "Look at those tusks!"

As we climbed back into the car Nyabongo said, "Now we have seen elephants, we will see everything." Sure enough we soon came across bucks—beautiful beige-grey animals about the size of deer. Four of them crossed the road just ahead of us, undisturbed by our quiet car, and casually strolled away through the bushes. We had a good close-up view of them and saw the extraordinary mark on their back hindquarters—a definite clear-cut circle of the beige-grey colour with a black outer rim, very like a target. Their skin looked rich and furry.

Just at dusk we came across a family of lions. Pauli and I were breathless with excitement, but the others in the car were not at all frightened. They brought the car to a soft stop with engine running quietly; Kasuga reached for his gun, then we froze. We all remained perfectly still, prepared

for anything. There was a sense of concentrated interest and tension, but no sense of fear.

Only a few yards ahead of us Papa lion went from the middle of the road to the high grass at the left edge, where he stood still for a second or two. Then Mamma lion came out of the grass beside the spot where Papa stood, followed immediately by an adorable baby cub. They crossed the road sedately, single file, with Papa falling in behind, disappeared into the high grass on the right, and slowly walked away. We could see their tails just above the grass—held up stiff like flagpoles; with the tuft of yellow hair at the end. Kaboha says they hold their tails erect when they sense danger.

They were big tan-coloured animals with large heads and very thick shoulders, slimming down toward the tail; powerful looking but with a top-heavy, very unpleasant shape. Nyabongo says they always travel single file, the female first because she is quick and fierce and dangerous, the cub between for protection, and finally the male, which is slower, but sure and terrible.

I will never be able to walk in the high grass again! I'll bet Pauli won't either.

On through Katwe, round the Toro curves, home, and gratefully to bed.

August 7. Kabarole. Although we had scarcely got our breath from the Congo trip, we left this morning for Kampala, to attend the Kabaka's (King of Buganda) Birthday Tea. Every year on the occasion of his birthday all European and African officialdom and society in Buganda come to pay their respects to the king. It is the big social event of the year,

We stopped in for a few minutes to say hello to Mukama before we left, and gave him a hurried report on the Congo safari. He was delighted to hear we had had such a satisfying trip, and was properly impressed with Pauli's excited account of the Pygmies, elephants, and lions. With his usual

practicality he warned us not to stay in Kampala longer than necessary, to be very careful of malaria, and to take all possible precautions against the mosquitoes there. We must all take quinine, we must drink no water whatsoever, and we must stop to rest en route at the dispensary at Kasenyi Mbende.

He then loaned us his own safari car, the luxurious Ford, and his own personal driver, "because it will be more comfortable for the long journey." We thanked him for his kindness, gratefully settled ourselves in the car, and set out.

As we left, Mukama had a word with Pauli, man-to-man fashion. He said he had called the Bamba down from the mountains to dance for us on the twelfth of August. It is a very special honour. Pauli is delighted and impressed.

It was a long hard drive to Kampala. At first it was quite cloudy, and as we rounded the Toro curves from hill to hill, the clouds and mist in the valleys looked like lakes, actual sheets of water. As the sun came out the "lakes" slowly lifted and we could see the fields beneath. Nyabongo says that in the early morning the clouds often hide whole villages. We had fog too, so thick we had to use the windscreen wiper. The fog somehow amused me. One expects it in England, but not on the equator.

On the road I developed a terrific sore throat, at the top near the back of my nose. My temperature went up and up, and my throat got worse and worse. Probably a germ I picked up in Congo or Katwe. I tried not to let the others know, because we were all tired and sleepy.

I was thankful when we arrived at Kasenyi Mbende and stopped at the dispensary. Mukama certainly knew what he was talking about when he insisted that we stop there. The young African in charge gave me one look, led me inside, took my temperature and pulse, examined my throat and nose thoroughly, then gave me some potassium chloride solution and made me gargle till I was dizzy. After we had rested and had had lunch, he made us all gargle very thoroughly, so that all our throats would be clean. The young

man was very efficient and had been in charge of the dispensary for ten years.

At Kampala we stayed with the Kalibalas. Mr. Kalibala is a Baganda and was educated in America, at Tuskegee Institute and Columbia University, where he took a master's degree in education. His wife is the daughter of a Negro Baptist preacher in Boston, Massachusetts. Kalibala is handsome and well built, with smooth glossy black skin and wonderful teeth. His sister Gwera, who lives with them, is very like him and handsome too, with lots of spirit. The Kalibala baby is adorable.

The mosquitoes were terrible. We rubbed oil on our skins, but it had no effect. Pauli said: "These mosquitoes are some-thin', they haven't even got respect for the oil." I developed a roaring fever, my throat felt like a grater, and my head was bursting. Nyabongo gave me medicine and watched me carefully, and had me on my feet again by morning.

Kampala is an interesting and colourful town with good roads, shops, smart African police, markets, and handsome African women. The women wear a long robe wrapped around the body just under the armpits, leaving their beautiful brown shoulders and arms bare. They have a leisurely and stately carriage.

August 8. Kampala. Went shopping this morning in the town. Bought the inevitable postcards, some books of African stories, and some comic papers for Pauli at the Uganda Bookshop and at Wardles'. Also bought some tins of sweet biscuit for Pauli.

Went to the Kabaka's Tea in the Palace grounds at three-forty-five, and was surprised to find it a typical English garden party. A charming marquee was built on the great lawn, an African band in uniform played all afternoon, European and African guests in every imaginable variety of dress lined up to shake hands with the Kabaka and his queen—who were themselves in European dress. Their young sons, the princes, stood close by and looked rather interesting.

We had lots of tea, all kinds of delicious sandwiches, and a slice of the huge birthday cake with white icing, which was delicious. I am afraid Pauli had many slices of the cake. Every time I turned back to our little table after greeting someone, I would find him with another slice. When I protested, he looked up with big innocent eyes and then winked at me and said: "That tall bronze waiter over there is a pal; he understands boys. I didn't ask for it, Mamma, really I didn't; he just gives me a slice every time he passes." "I think," I said severely, "everyone is supposed to have one slice only, as a sort of souvenir like at a wedding; you're not supposed to make a meal of it!" Then the waiter gave me another slice. It was awfully good.

Archdeacon Bowers came over and we had a nice chat. Some Europeans, the Grants (he is the head of the South African Bank), came over and asked to be introduced. They asked me an interesting and unexpected question: Was Paul considering *settling* in Africa? From the inflection I gathered that was an idea which was worrying them. No one else had put it into words. If big Paul comes out to Africa to live, will it affect Native reaction to Europeans, and if so, how? Quite a question!

The band played "God Save the King," announcing the arrival of the Governor of Uganda (British) and his lady—His Excellency and Mrs. Mitchell. The Kabaka and his queen and the Governor and his wife then strolled through the crowd in the garden to the centre table, and had tea. Later Governor and Mrs. Mitchell very graciously invited Pauli and me to come and stay with them at Government House, before we leave Uganda.

From the tea we all went on to the annual football game in Kampala—old Budonians against Mwenge. Both teams are African, but of course Pauli and I immediately plumped for Budo, which is Mukama's alma mater. The sports ground was very pretty and very crowded with Europeans and Africans who, on this occasion, sat side by side. The

Kabaka and the Governor strolled the field, and the game began.

It was a good game, the players making remarkable kicks with their bare feet. All sorts of calls—in Luganda, Rutoro, English, German, Swaheli—mingled with the noise in the stands. The score at the end was 3 to 2 in favour of old Budonians. Pauli enjoyed every minute of it all and played the game strenuously from his seat.

We went home to the Kalibala's for supper, conversation, and bed.

August 9. Sunday. Nyabongo arranged for us to visit Busoga and Bunyoro, two more of the five provinces which make up Uganda, on our way back to Kabarole. So this morning we drove to Jinja, the capital of Busoga, which is only a few miles from Kampala, on the shores of Lake Victoria.

On arrival at Jinja we went directly to the President's house (Busoga has a president, not a king like the other provinces), and waited for him and his guest, the Mukama of Bunyoro, to return from church.

The President's house is on a hill, commanding a magnificent view of Victoria Nyanza (Lake Victoria) and the famous hill in the distance where the mutiny of the Nubians took place. Nyabongo tells me that Lord Lugard brought Nubian soldiers down to fight the Uganda people, and on this hill the Nubians mutinied, killed their white officers who refused to give up their arms, and buried them. The hill is called Bakaleba. All Africans revere it because it was here that Africans decided not to fight brother Africans without good reason of their own, merely because Europeans told them to.

The Mukama of Bunyoro slipped out of church and came back early so we could have tea and a good talk. We made a date to visit him at Hoima, his own capital in Bunyoro. Later the President of Busoga joined us, and we all had lunch. In the afternoon the President took us to see the Parliament

House, which is open, spacious, dignified, and well built in a style suited to the country. The little library near by was charming and reasonably well stocked.

We saw the prison, clean and pleasant and sanitary, built to house sixty-five prisoners. They tell me they rarely have more than thirty-five. There are two cells for women, whom they don't keep long. More than half the cases are for nonpayment of tax. The President tells me they try all their own cases here in Busoga, except murder.

Later we went to the lake to see the famous Ripon Falls. The waters of Victoria Nyanza are fed by the melting snows from Rwenzoli. The water leaves the lake by way of the falls, and, as the White Nile, begins its long journey north to the Mediterranean Sea. We walked along the path quite near the water's edge, watching the crocodiles and hippopotamuses lazing in the shallows above the falls. The falls are not very high—not more than twenty feet—but it is fascinating to watch the great lovely sheet of water break over the rocks and tumble down. It is the tremendous volume of water rather than the height of the falls which is impressive.

Just below the rocks huge fish—Nile perch averaging thirty pounds in weight—keep trying unsuccessfully to leap the falls and reach the shallows above. Fishermen line the banks of the river and cruise about in canoes catching them.

On the road from Jinja back to Kampala we passed large sugar-cane fields and the small African factories where the syrup is extracted from the cane. We watched it being cut and piled up. Nyabongo says that the stalk near the ground is the only sweet part; the upper stalk with leaves is cut off and put into the ground to grow again. Pauli and I chewed some, of course, and found it very sweet. You chew the stalk, the sugar comes right out, then you spit out the fibres. Nyabongo stopped us immediately when he saw us chewing. It seems you can get fever from it, and an itch. He says it is not liked much in Toro, and is only used by

children and lonely people. Herdsmen do not use it, because it disagrees with the milk.

Back in Kampala at the Kalibalas' we found some fifty people waiting for us. They were all Bagandas, all in European clothes, and all argumentative. One young man had been educated at Howard University in Washington, D. C., and several had been to school in England.

August 10. We left Kampala this morning for Hoima, to keep our date with the Mukama of Bunyoro. Half way through the journey a spring in our car broke and we found we had lost the bolt in the road somewhere. We had to park by the roadside for hours, waiting for a car to pass by. We found a deserted Indian shop near by and sheltered there, out of the broiling sun. The villages a little distance away heard of our plight and came along bringing gifts of tangerines—which were very welcome—and stools to make us comfortable, and sent a man on a bicycle to the nearest town, Busonjo, to fetch a mechanic. An African bus came along and Nyabongo sent Kusuga with our luggage on to Hoima in it, while we waited for the mechanic.

After hours of waiting, two cars came tearing along, and seeing our parked car, stopped to see what they could do. (Now I can fully appreciate road courtesy in Africa!) To our delight the Mukama of Bunyoro was in the first car, and his saza chief in the second. They took Pauli, Nyabongo, and me along to Hoima with them, leaving a man in charge of our car. We drove through a heavy storm, so we were doubly thankful for the lift. A little before six in the evening we wound our way over the surrounding hills of Hoima, through the lovely green valley, and up to the central hill. The bus didn't arrive until after ten o'clock, and Kasuga and our luggage were soaked with the rain.

We had dinner with the Prime Minister of Bunyoro at ten-thirty P.M., and such a dinner! They had killed a sheep and a goat, there were millet, plantains, and potatoes,

with *sem-sem* and other relishes. The Prime Minister was great fun. I put a very tired Pauli to bed at eleven-thirty, and myself equally tired at midnight.

August 11. Hoima. Awoke at six-forty-five this morning. The Mukama sent over a dream breakfast for us: fruit, eggs, toast, coffee, and a bottle of wine! It was very sweet and thoughtful of him.

The hills of Hoima are picturesque and lovely, guarding and shutting in the fertile valley rich with banana gardens and palm trees. Hoima is about seventeen miles from Lake Albert, and the temperature is usually 80 degrees or more in the shade.

I photographed the "old things" around the house in the morning, saw peanuts spread out in the sun to bake, and the basketwork granaries in which the millet is stored.

We spent the whole afternoon with the Mukama. His queen came in to greet me at teatime, and we had a pleasant chat. I found her attractive and interesting.

The Mukama told me something of the history of his country: He said Bunyoro had been the biggest and strongest of all the kingdoms from Sudan to Abyssinia and down well into the Congo. Toro, Buganda, Nkole, and the rest were all part of Bunyoro. Grant and Speak were the first Englishmen to pass through; they saw all the wealth of ivory and skins, gave his father (the then Mukama) the Bible, "which he ignored," and passed on, "doing no harm." Then Baker came through, gave his father a gun, a watch, a knife, etc., became friends with him, and "did no harm." Later on Baker came back and upset a lot of the Chiefs in Bunyoro. Mukama sent him a message asking why, since they were friends, did he abuse his chiefs? Baker thereupon began a war (about 1898) which lasted for six years. In the end England conquered Bunyoro, deliberately put the Kabaka on the throne of Buganda and made it a strong kingdom, strengthened Toro and Nkole (all these

had been mere accessories to Bunyoro), and exiled his father to the Seychelle Islands "because he had killed Europeans." This present Mukama went as a servant into exile with his father so that he might learn all the history of his country and prepare himself for his kingship. He now rules his people with the help of the Lukiko (Native parliament) and the assistance (???) of the British district commissioner.

We left Hoima at six in the evening for Kabarole, driving over the hills, around curves, and through forest in heavy rain. We saw jackals, deer, and wild pig. This belt of heavy tropical forest teems with elephants, lions, leopards, buffaloes, antelopes, and dog-faced apes.

August 12. Kabarole. We slept late this morning, tired out from our long drive from Hoima last night. In the early afternoon I was working on my notes, when I heard a rhythmic singing and sent Pauli to investigate. He came tearing back, shouting excitedly that the Bamba had come down from the mountains to dance for us. We hurried out to stand on the veranda and watch their arrival. Everyone from all over the house and grounds came to join us.

The Bamba, who are quite small in stature, came into the courtyard singing, dancing, leaping. They danced up to us shaking their spears in greeting, then backed and separated into two groups, one group with shields and spears facing the opposite group with branches and leaves. They danced a mock fight which was very exciting, some from each side falling dead so realistically that Pauli was alarmed.

We thanked them warmly as they left and gave them salt which we had brought from Katwe. They had walked seventy miles to dance for us!

This afternoon we went to see Nyabongo's grandmother, a remarkable old lady who is thought to be about 120 years old. Nyabongo says she has always seemed to him as old as she is now—always on the couch—since he was a baby.

He says she used to be fat, now she is thin and her eyes are glazed with a film of age, but her mind is clear and she is aware and intelligent. She was very much interested in Pauli, and said: "That boy belongs to us—see his mouth, eyes, nose, the shape of head—pure African. Oh, yes, that boy belongs to Africa, to us." She said my hair, eyes, nose, and "especially my spirit" are African.

Later we went along to pay a formal visit to Nyabongo's mother, who received us in state in her house. She looks exactly like her daughter, the nurse. She gave me some beautiful presents—a gourd for drinking water "which you never let touch the ground," but hang on a peg on the wall; it has the cutest little papyrus stopper which keeps out the dust. She also gave me a special sponge wash-cloth like those used by the *bisahi* ladies: One side is made for brushing the rows of hair into that peculiar style of headdress, the other side is used for bathing. (Most of the ladies in Uganda like to keep their hair cut very short and some shave their heads; it is a matter of taste and fashion, as well as convenience.) She also gave me a beautiful piece of bark cloth. I was especially grateful to her, because these are all things I have wanted very much indeed and have tried hard not to ask for.

August 13. There is an important and interesting senior *saza* chief in Butite whom Mukama and Nyabongo wanted me to visit. He is one of the "Crown-and-Beard" chiefs. We drove over today to see him.

On the roads between Kabarole and Butite we had magnificent views of the snow peaks and glaciers of Rwenzoli.

It was a pleasant and interesting visit. On arrival we had tea with lovely dainty jam sandwiches, which were certainly appreciated by Pauli. The ladies came out—the Chief's wife and daughters. It is a great pleasure to see the women, at last. Word has gone around that I always ask for the women, so contrary to custom they come out now to see me.

The people asked stimulating questions, and were extremely interesting and friendly. The Chief brought out his "Crown" and proudly showed it to me.

We had a delicious lunch, English style, with a fluffy jam omelette at the end.

And so home to Kabarole, photographing the Toro hills on the way.

When we reached home we found the most enchanting family waiting for us. They were Nkole people, in Toro on a visit, and had come to urge us to go to their country. (There has been some doubt that we could fit in the Nkole trip.) The family was large, consisting of two ministers, their wives and children and relatives. The ladies had their heads shaved and looked odd at first, but only for a few minutes. They were all vivacious, friendly, and enthusiastic about their country. There were two adorable infants in arms, and an equally adorable toddler—all dimples and mischief.

August 14. We leave tomorrow for Nkole, and go on from there to Government House at Entebbe, to visit the Mitchells and then to board our plane for London.

So today we went to the palace to say good-bye to Mukama, and to thank him for all his charming hospitality and interest, thoughtfulness and practical help. I tried to make him understand how very much we appreciated his great kindness. He was very gracious, said he had enjoyed our visit very much indeed and hoped we would come again to Toro, next time bringing big Paul.

We bade good-bye to Temple-Perkins and thanked him for his kindness in helping us in the Congo. We thanked Kaboha and all our Toro friends warmly for all they had done to make our visit so interesting, comfortable, happy, and fruitful. When I said good-bye to the house staff, the boys asked me to take a picture of them all together, and send it to them. I did so, and will certainly send them prints. I suppose they have seen me haul out my camera

for everything under the sun, and thought I might as well take a picture of them, too. And so I might: I should have thought of it myself.

August 15. We left Kabarole this morning for Nkole, the cattle kingdom of Uganda, and the last of the five provinces which make up the protectorate. We drove along the Katwe Road, then left it and crossed the channel at Katunga. All along the road we saw the salt porters, who come on foot from all parts of the country to Katwe for salt. Nyabongo says they have been doing this for centuries.

The channel at Katunga connects Lake Dweru and Lake Kirasamba. We crossed by ferry, this time worked by paddlers, to Nkole country.

Leaving the channel, we drove along flat country for a while, then climbed hills and circled sinister-looking craters. We would climb what appeared to be a small mountain, and arriving at the top we would look down into the "mountain" and see that it was a crater of an extinct volcano; at the bottom we would see a still, clear lake ranging in area from one to twenty miles, the shores green with lush vegetation and the crater walls rising sheer to the rim of the "mountain." We would circle the rim, descend into a valley, and climb the next "mountain." From the tops of these hills there is a magnificent view of the forests, the great plains, and the "gold country." On the roads were many people travelling with all their personal possessions, on their way to dig gold. It is said there are accessible gold deposits in some parts of Nkole, and there are always some people on the move in search of it.

It is strange and sinister-looking country, unnatural and volcanic, with a forbidding beauty. The elevation is from six to seven thousand feet in some parts, and the climate is temperate.

Crossing the plains to Mbarara, we passed numerous herds of cattle grazing peacefully in the rich grass. The herdsmen called out to us in friendly greeting. Nyabongo

had taught us some Runyankole (language of Nkole) on the way, so we were able to greet the people in their own language.

Mbarara is the capital of Nkole, and quite a town. Mbarara is the name of the grass the cattle eat, the name of the district, and the name of the town.

Arriving in the town we found the market in full swing. (I must say Nyabongo plans things well. Market day brings out all the people, and all the produce and wares.) I found the women handsome and was interested in the great bulky ugly anklets they wore, made of silver wire and hair.

At the palace we learned the Mugabi was ill, so we didn't stay or see him. They tell me he is an enormous old man six feet seven inches tall.

The Prime Minister was out of town, so we were passed on to the Saza Chief, who was acting for him. He is a fine type—dark, dignified, quiet, and very intelligent. We had a most interesting conversation, and when in passing I mentioned the O——s, my white colleagues in anthropology in London who had done research in Nkole, he immediately sent for another Chief—Ernest Mugoba—in whose saza the O——s had lived and worked.

Together these Chiefs asked many leading questions: about the Indians in America (that surprised and impressed me), are they still on reservations, do they have the vote, has their property ever been returned to them by the government? About Negroes in America, about European and American attitudes toward Abyssinia. About Negro thought and Negro education and Negro political status in America and in Europe.

I did what I could to cope with these terrific questions, then I in turn asked some questions about my colleagues. The Chiefs told me they liked Mr. and Mrs. O——; the Prime Minister had made them welcome and had loaned them a house; "They had a car," they continued, "so we built a house [garage] for that, too." The O——s had worked in their area for more than a month, and

had visited the kraals. A veterinary student from the school had acted as their interpreter, and the Mbarara high-school boys had helped them in their investigations. Later on we took a walk about the town, and I saw the house and garage where they had lived and worked, and the student who had been their interpreter.

In the evening several Chiefs and many people came in to see us. After answering as many of their questions as I could, and giving them news from "outside," I decided to bring up a question of anthropological investigation that had been on my mind for some time. I asked the people what they thought of visiting anthropologists, and how they liked being "investigated." They smiled and said they were vastly amused, and would often take the searching and impertinent questions as a game, giving the most teasing, joking, and fantastic answers they could think of, so that the interpreter would have a most difficult time trying to translate the answers into something that would sound "serious and respectful." (Shades of scientific anthropological data!) The chiefs said they did not see how any reasonable person could hope to study the intimate details of a life and people wholly strange to him, if he knew nothing whatever of the language. "It is elemental. Besides, knowing the language of a people is a gesture of respect, and a proof of real interest," they said. "White people are not interested in us. They only want to take away our land and our cattle, and make us pay taxes. Why should we tell them our sacred history, and the details of our social organization?"

August 16. Mbarara. Up at five, breakfast, and off to Entebbe, the last lap of our journey on the ground in Africa. On the way we came to the village where the Prime Minister of Nkole was visiting on business of state, and had a most interesting chat with him. I found him a fine old man, full of knowledge. They tell me the prime ministers in African society are the ones who know all the history and

body of knowledge of the people. And so it seems. This is important, because there is no written history. Some of the chiefs, and of course all of the kings, also know the history.

Just as the geography of Nkole is strange and different, so also are the people. There are two clearly distinguishable types—the tall thin straight people with thin lips, high-bridged noses, and tan skin stretched over high cheek-bones; and the sturdy black people with thick features.

“The common people [of Nkole] are a rather different type from that of the aristocracy; these retain more or less the pure Hamitic strain of the invaders who not many centuries ago came in from the northeast and imposed themselves on the country as a ruling cast.”¹

“The inhabitants of Nkole are two distinct types—the mass are rather well-developed black Negroes, but the aristocracy, the now celebrated Bahima are, when pure blood, quite different to their former serfs and subjects. They have the features of the Hamites or of the Ancient Egyptians, and sometimes quite reddish yellow skin. They are passionately fond of their cattle, despise agriculture which they leave to the subject race, and live mainly on the produce of their flocks and herds. The Bahima, from Egypt, according to Native legends, appear to have founded dynasties of Kings in Uganda; they were possibly the means by which Egyptian notions, and musical instruments of Egyptian shape, were introduced into the countries around Uganda.

“So far as tradition goes, the Bahima of Nkole can trace the genealogy of their kings for about 300 years back. The Baganda can recall their kings for a period as far distant as the fifteenth century. Though the Uganda dynasty no doubt belongs in its origin to this Hima stock, which is Hamitic and of the same race from which most of the earlier inhabitants of Egypt proceeded, nevertheless as for several hundred years it has married Negro women of the indigenous race, its modern representatives are merely Negroes, with larger clearer eyes, and slightly paler skins. [I find this

¹ From *Africa View*, by Julian Huxley, published by Chatto & Windus.

"merely Negroes" hard to stomach, but if one quotes, one must quote accurately!]

"Their cattle are noble adjuncts to the landscape of granite tablelands, rolling downs and ornamental trees. Larger than almost any other breed of cattle in existence, with straight backs and enormous spreading horns."¹

I find it very hard to accept this division of Africans here in Uganda into upper and lower classes, yet everywhere it exists. There is a definite aristocracy usually connected with cattle, and a definite common man usually connected with agriculture.

After leaving the Prime Minister, we saw his magnificent herds some miles away, just off the road. We found one herd on the right, and then an enormous one on the left of the road; the latter were on the move and all we could see at first was a moving dark mass of bodies and a great sea of horns.

We talked with the herdsmen and the herdboys, and photographed them with the cattle. The herdsmen were everywhere among the cattle, some in front, some on either side, some in the back. The calves followed, farther back and quite separate. Still farther back some women followed in a group, rather like camp followers—some carrying umbrellas, and these umbrellas were entirely covered with flies. Flies were everywhere—on the faces of the women and boys, often entirely covering the rim of the lower eyelid so that it looked as though it was painted with mascara, and the mascara was moving. Sometimes the flies covered the whole face. The people seemed to pay no attention to them. All along the way, wherever cattle were near, there was a pestilence of flies. Pauli was very much troubled by this, especially by the flies rimming the eyes of the children.

And so on to Entebbe, the British administrative headquarters of the Uganda Protectorate, and to Government House.

¹ From *The Uganda Protectorate*, by Sir Harry Johnston.

Coming into Entebbe was like coming into another world, a European world in the very heart of Africa. All the jungle and underbrush has been cleared away from the town and its surroundings. The approaching roads are polite, with only the slimmer of the towering trees. The countryside is very beautiful, and in spots the town itself even suggests a lush, very rich, dreamlike English landscape. I found it lovely but slightly artificial, as the pictures in *Town and Country*, *House Beautiful*, and other similar magazines are artificial. I daresay my taste is African, but I like my beauty more on the natural side.

Nyabongo dropped Pauli and me at Government House, and we said good-bye until tomorrow, when he will see us off at the airfield. The mansion is very beautiful and luxurious. It was early Sunday evening, and the Governor and his guests were at church. We were received by the very English A.D.C. and shown to our rooms.

We had restful baths, and as dinner was to be late, at eight, Pauli's dinner was sent up on a tray at seven-thirty. After he had eaten I tucked him into bed with some comic papers, and went downstairs.

At dinner I found myself seated at the Governor's right. There were many other guests, most of them English. Everyone was charming to me, and the dinner was perfect. After dinner I had an interesting talk with His Excellency, and, among other things, we discussed the problem of the education of the African. There is to be a conference here soon on higher education for the African—ranking college education—and my good friend Matthews, from Lovedale, is to be on the committee. That's very good.

The Governor seemed a friendly intelligent man, interested in and anxious to get on with his job of administration. I am of course firmly against patriarchal administration, but it exists, so until one can change it, one must try to make it as reasonable as possible. Trying all the while to change it, of course. It will *have* to be changed. There is no doubt of that.

So when His Excellency asked me for suggestions, I was in a quandary. I couldn't tell him I believe his office should be held by an African. (There are many Africans fully qualified to hold it well.) That would have got us nowhere. In fact, all my ideas would have been most indigestible for him, would have alienated him when he wanted to be friendly. Yet I had to say something. So I ventured three ideas:

1. That he support the idea of higher education for the African people at the approaching conference, against all opposition.

2. That he not accept too confidently the reports of all the district commissioners, because some of them do not understand the people, are intensely disliked by them; and under these conditions it is practically impossible for such officials to know what is going on—except what they are told, since they do not understand the language. I specifically gave Temple-Perkins as an example of the other kind of official—sympathetic, interested, and well liked by the people in his district.

3. That if he really wanted the people to feel he was interested in them, and wished to be courteous to them, he must learn at least the greetings and polite salutations in their own language. This is a gesture which would be appreciated, and would break the ice and establish a reasonably friendly atmosphere for conferences.

In fact I am convinced that it is impossible to work with a people in any serious and constructive way, unless one knows at least some of the language. Not knowing a language, one must rely on interpreters, and they are notoriously varied in their dependability. Many interpreters in Africa, and elsewhere, are people who have learned the language as a means of getting a job and advancing themselves—they therefore frequently colour their interpretations in order to ingratiate themselves. Some of them are not

interested in or sympathetic with their own people, nor with the idea of improving conditions and relations. Many merely use the knowledge to earn a living, and give it a bare minimum of attention and interest. Occasionally, as with teachers, one finds a gifted interpreter—sympathetic, understanding, constructive—but these are rare. How then can relations with a people, and administration of them, rest upon so unreliable a foundation?

His Excellency took my suggestions and comments in good part, and thanked me warmly. I know my friend the Mukama of Toro will be startled if some day at an official function the Governor greets him in Rutoro! The Governor, in turn, will be surprised what such a gesture will do for him.

I regret that I was not ready nor able to give some really constructive suggestions to His Excellency. But, my time in Africa has been all too short, and so very, very full, that I have only been able to see, feel, and absorb as much as possible. I have purposely postponed weighing my material and impressions and analysing them until I have had good time to sort them out and appreciate them more fully.

We joined Mrs. Mitchell and the other guests in the drawing room and had some pleasant conversation about many things and many places—about England in general and London in particular; about Paris, New York, and Hollywood (of all places!) I was able to give a first-hand report on some of the stars and some of the aspects of film making, because we had made the film *Show Boat* in Hollywood last winter.

And so up to our luxurious suite. Had a look at Pauli sleeping so soundly and sweetly in his bed, and had to kiss him again, very quietly.

In my own bed I lay, and as Pauli says, "wrestled with my responsibilities." Should I have said more to the Governor? Should I have posed some of the problems? Was this the time and place? Had I missed an opportunity?

These thoughts disturbed me, troubled me deeply. As always when I find myself in an unprecedented situation, I fell back on my instincts, hoping they would be sound.

I decided I had gone as far as I could with His Excellency. I did not know the extent of his power to initiate changes, granted he wanted to do so. I was a guest in his house, talking with him for the first time. Maybe this was not the time nor the place.

I thought back over my conversation with him. So at long last they are seriously considering African education, and have reluctantly advanced to the idea of at least talking about college standards!

If I could influence or guide this education in any way, I thought humbly, what would I suggest? I thought back over Julian Huxley's very clear presentation of this problem, in 1931. It seemed to me then, and seems to me now, the best discourse on education for the African people, for any people; anywhere.

"The first principle is no longer in dispute—it is that Africans should receive some education. . . . I mean that it is not in dispute in reasonable quarters. There are, however, a great many people who still believe that it would be better to have the African as uneducated as possible.* These disbelievers in Native education belong to two types. One is the type which thinks of black men solely as labour-fodder, and believes that education interferes with their inclination and capacity to work. It should not surprise us that this attitude is often met with among employers of labour in East Africa, since it is by no means uncommon at home in Britain. It is, however, more than usually rampant in Africa. . . .

"The other anti-educational type is the sentimental pro-Native, the believer in the noble savage, who sincerely thinks that African Natives should be allowed or even compelled to continue as far as possible in their original way of life. There might be something to be said for this point of view—if it were but practicable! Here and there it may

work reasonably well for a moderate time, as with the Tanganyika Government's handling of the Masai. . . . But it cannot last. The mere presence of the white man in Africa makes it impossible for the primitive condition of things to continue. . . .

"Before the white man came they had educational systems of their own, usually connected with the rites of initiation into adult life. These were doubtless crude, based on tradition and magic rather than on science and independent thought; but in their way they were definitely adapted to the people's existing mode of life, and were inculcators of important virtues like bravery, tribal solidarity and respect for social authority. . . .

"I agree entirely with Mr. J. H. Oldham when he says that 'the fundamental business of Government in Africa is education.' . . . What should it be, what goals should it have? Some see in it a means of training the leaders of the country; if education is to be given to the masses too, its aim should be to teach them to know their place, or, as it is often more unctiously put, to be content with the station in life to which it has pleased God to call them. This point of view, it will be seen, envisages two quite distinct kinds of education—one for the classes, the leaders, the other for the masses, the workers, the contented-with-their-appointed-lot. You may wish to provide both kinds of education for Natives (as in Tanganyika, where Tabora caters specifically for the sons of chiefs), or you may wish to restrict native education to the second type.

"Closely allied with the station-in-life school of thought is that which would teach the Natives (or working classes when there are no Natives about) nothing but trades and useful arts. . . . The one maintains that the station in life to which the lower classes or races have been called is cheap production for the benefit of the rest of the world; the other is concerned with the inner life which, while cheaply producing, they should cultivate.

"Linked on to the leadership view, on the other hand, is the idea that an education—a real education—is something which stamps one as a member of the upper classes, a superior person.

"It may be expedient that a few men should know for the people; the danger comes when a considerable number of men think that they can provide their sons with the prestige arising from knowledge by giving them the opportunity—denied to the children of poorer parents—of spending several years imbibing a special brand of rather useless information. . . .

"The first thing to consider is not what the teacher would like to teach; not what the ideal human being ought to know; not a curriculum framed to cover the range of human knowledge and activities, in relation to which children are so many examination candidates. The first thing is what the child can profitably learn; what is suited to the needs and desires of limited human organisms in a particular environment; a curriculum framed to promote the development of individual growing boys and girls. This is the modern biological idea of education, which you will find wherever people have really thought out their ideas on the subject, and are not carrying on by inertia or merely putting their prejudices forward in the guise of ideas.

"Then there is the double principle that education should be adapted to the local environment of time and place, and yet give the opportunity of transcending that environment. This is the 'dual mandate' of education. It recognizes that men and women have to be prepared for earning their livelihood and doing the work of the world, but recognizes equally that they should be introduced to those ideas and activities—in literature, history, science, religion, art and other forms of self expression or self realization—which will enable them to reach a level of existence above immediate drudgery or anything of purely practical scope.

"Working out the application of these principles, we arrive at some such conclusions as the following:

"Education for the African boy and girl should have its practical aspect, but should also concern itself with ideas and activities of no immediate practical value. In both these aspects it should include handwork as well as headwork, nor should activities concerned with self expression, such as singing and dancing, games and acting, be neglected.

It should not be too ambitious at the start, but should at first aim at making the children understand their own African surroundings in a new way, later linking this knowledge on to broader themes. It should aim both at giving sound elementary education to the many and at providing opportunities for the few of outstanding ability or keenness to continue up to a higher standard. . . .

"There are many people who quite sincerely believe that the most valuable lessons which Natives can learn come from their association with white men and their methods, and that accordingly the real interests of the Natives are most paramountly served by setting more and more of them to work as labourers on European estates. There are others who, again quite sincerely, believe that Natives will be on the whole less happy if they learn to read and write, grow civilized and think politically, and would therefore make Native education severely and solely practical. In the same way the 'development' of Native peoples can be interpreted in a hundred different ways to suit current ideas and prejudices. And further, in many cases these vaguely benevolent principles are interpreted on the fatal assumption that the white man always knows what is best for the black man, that the Native must not be allowed to make experiments in case he makes mistakes, and that benevolent European guidance should prescribe the exact course of the Natives' development even if what it prescribes is by no means always what they want. . . .

"... the criticism that the African acquires only a patchy knowledge and a patchy character as the result of European methods of education is very insecurely grounded. Such results are undoubtedly produced; but they are produced by an educational system which is itself patchy. . . .

"Then there is the general impression, re-inforced by the positive testimony of men who have lived for decades in close contact with the Native African, that he is on the whole irresponsible, improvident, and lacking in the higher ranges of intelligence. This is largely offset by the equally impressive testimony of the same men in favour of the negro's loyalty, his cheerfulness and gaiety even under trying conditions, his fine physique and physical courage.

"On the other side may rightly be adduced the fact of the negro's extraordinary vitality in Africa, in spite of disease, in spite of enervating tropical climate, in spite of slave-raiding and alien domination. This inherent vigour, expressed visibly for all to see in the magnificent physique of so many tribes is a first-rate asset of the race; and it is not merely vigour in general, but vigour in the trying circumstances in Africa. Besides this, there is the fact that in very various tribes there do arise men of high distinction and intelligence, whose foresight and will enable them to achieve remarkable results. In addition to the well-known examples from Zulu history, one may mention Lenana, the celebrated medicine-man of the Masai, or Rindi, the prince who united the Chagga. And besides these outstanding personalities, there are plenty of others possessed of very real character and ability, above the average for any race whether white or black, to be found scattered among the tribes. Powys, in his *Black Laughter*, mentions a Kikuyu strongly endowed with artistic impulse and talent; the present Sekibobo of Buganda is a distinguished orator with a fine and balanced character; I have seen a native teacher with a passion and genius for teaching which would have satisfied the heart of Sanderson of Oundle; I have spoken of the little Kavirondo hunchback with an innate gift for machinery; the mere existence of the Colour Bar Bill in South Africa proves that the Bantu are sufficiently able to learn skilled occupations to compete on terms of reasonable equality with the skilled white artisan. . . .

"If the present state of affairs continues, in which only about 10 per cent of native children get any education whatever, (and perhaps 2 or 3 per cent any education worthy of the name), we shall naturally not arrive at that general background of changed ideas from which alone a new social tradition can spring"¹

It is dawn. Finally sleepy, I salute Mr. Huxley, nip over to Pauli's bed and kiss him quietly once more, then settle down to sleep in my own luxurious bed.

¹ From *Africa View*.

August 17. Government House, Entebbe. Up fairly early to finish packing. Pauli had a very good night. We both feel a little strange in all this British official luxury, Mrs. Mitchell suggested a swim before breakfast to Pauli. There is a beautiful pool in the grounds. Pauli needed no urging, and in two minutes was in his swimming trunks and down at the pool. His fine physique is a very neat sight in trunks, and he swims very well indeed. The innumerable African servants around the house watched him discreetly, and they seemed nearly as proud as I was when they saw how well, though modestly, he handled himself in the pool. Mrs. Mitchell was charming and cordial at breakfast, and I was later a little surprised to learn that she is South African. I'm glad I didn't know it at first, else I would have been socially reserved and uneasy. Not knowing, everything was pleasant.

We left Entebbe by plane at one-forty this afternoon. The Governor sent us down to the airport in his official car with the Union Jack flying from its hub. The plane officials and passengers were duly impressed, and any objections they might have been tempted to make about our colour were cancelled out. Arriving in the Governor's car in Africa is like arriving in the King's official car in England. (This is the second time I have had a ride in an official car; the first time was with Paul and Larry in Prague, when the American ambassador sent the official embassy car, with the Stars and Stripes flying from its hub, to fetch us to the embassy.)

The plane, the *Horsa*, was a beauty and most comfortable. It had come from Johannesburg, collecting passengers on the way; it will go on to Alexandria, and via Persia to Karachi, India. We will go with the plane as far as Alexandria, where we change to a seaplane for the crossing of the Mediterranean to Brindisi, Italy. From Brindisi we go by train through Italy up to Paris, whence we take another plane to London. No one is allowed to fly over Italy now. There must be something brewing which they don't want anybody to see!

Nyabongo and some African friends saw us off in the plane. We are to see Nyabongo in London in the autumn. He has really made this Uganda trip a classic experience for us.

Pauli and I were terribly excited and climbed into the plane with our throats full. It is his first flight. I have flown often from London to Paris, but that is only a short unimportant flight. The inside of the plane was like a Pullman coach, roomy, with very comfortable double adjustable seats and lots of windows.

It was fascinating to see the ground roll away from under us and feel almost no motion. Neither Pauli nor I are good sailors, and that is an understatement. But the flight was smooth, and before we knew it it was five o'clock, and we came down in Juba, in the Sudan.

The plane does not travel at night, so all the passengers went to a marvellous hotel. We had a bath, tea, dinner later, and a very good night's sleep. It was sweltering when we arrived, but cooled off late in the evening. We slept under nets, and there were slowly revolving fans in the ceilings of all the rooms.

August 18. Juba, Sudan. With the plane, the *Horsa*. Up at six, ate an elegant breakfast, and went to the plane with the other passengers in the pouring rain. We took off at seven-thirty, and flew over the Sudan all day. The countryside looks desolate and deserted. We saw many giraffe, running about with their peculiar slow-motion gait, looking like something prehistoric with their great thick arched necks. We saw a herd of a hundred or more elephants, and when the shadow of the plane passed over them they trumpeted, startled, and scattered. The pilot always comes down when there is anything interesting to see, and circles so the passengers can get a good view. Pauli is thrilled.

We came down at Malakal at eleven-thirty for luncheon again at Kosti at two-thirty for tea. Both are tiny isolated in the vast wastes of the Sudan. The Sudan

is boring—swamp, marsh, and steppe, with very little sign of human life.

Just before reaching Khartoum at five o'clock, we saw the Blue Nile on our right, coming down from Lake Tana in the mountains of Abyssinia, well north of Addis Ababa. This river overflows its banks regularly. On the left was the White Nile, which we have been following all the way from Entebbe.

Khartoum is a beautiful city, built on the banks of the river, where the White and Blue Nile come together. On one side of the river is the European city of Khartoum, and on the opposite side is Omdurman, the Native city, the former capital of the Mahdi and Kalifa. The contrast between the two cities is so great as to be indescribable. Khartoum is modern, with wide streets, big cool white buildings surrounded by spacious well-kept gardens, bordering on the lovely parks on the right bank of the river. Omdurman is old-world, Arab, and African, with its narrow winding streets and thousands of small low mud buildings, stretching for eight miles along the left bank as far as the eye can reach. Omdurman was the important gum market of the world—the gum was brought in by camel from the great Kordofan Desert below.

And between Khartoum and Omdurman flows the fabulous Nile. Here the White Nile, the waters from our Rwenzoli, and the Blue Nile, the waters from the mountains of Abyssinia, come together but have not yet mingled, and are clearly distinguishable. The clear dark blue waters from Lake Tana seem to hug the right bank and reach less than halfway out into the stream, spurning the dirty heavy waters which have come two thousand miles from Lake Victoria and collected a lot of mud on the way. Pauli says "our" White Nile goes placidly on its way, mud and all, paying no attention to the elegance and clarity of the Blue Nile. They tell me the waters do not mingle for many miles.

August 19. Khartoum. With the plane, the Horsa. Spent a very bad night in the hotel, Think I must have picked up

some germ somewhere. I've got alarming dysentery, and certainly don't feel I can ever make it home as planned. I looked at Pauli sleeping so peacefully and confidently, and decided that I would go as far as I can, and when I can go no farther I'll telephone big Paul to come out and collect us. I know I must be pretty sick to be planning this way, because I am definitely not the kind of person who has to be collected, and I always like to finish everything I set out to do. But this dysentery is already cutting me down, and I am fervently hoping that Paul is back from Russia according to schedule, and at home in London.

The *Horsa* took off early. Fortunately the flying was smooth and I could manage. We came down at Wadi Halfa, in the burning Nubian Desert, for lunch. The heat was terrific. The steward warned us not to touch the brass handrail beside the plane steps, lest we burn our fingers. Scorching winds blew and we all melted on the way to the tents where we ate. I have never imagined such heat. Of course it is August, and we are in the desert.

The Africans hereabouts are extraordinarily handsome. They belong to the Shilluk Tribe and are about seven feet tall, not broad but lithe and beautifully built. Their skin is bronze-black, well oiled and beautifully kept, and they wear no clothes whatever. Pauli just can't get over their height. "They are taller than Daddy, but they are not as broad," he said. Nobody can be as everything as Daddy.

Up again in the plane, the pilot climbing to 10,000 feet in an effort to escape the heat. We continued to follow the Nile. The countryside has been uninteresting all the way from Khartoum—desert, suggesting an ancient sea bottom, in places very like a real sea with sand washing the rocks instead of water. Very desolate, with a sinister calm.

More desert and forbidding sand dunes on the way to Luxor. Passed over the First Cataract of the Nile; from the heights it didn't look like much. Saw occasional patches of welcome green as we approached Luxor. The air became very bumpy and the *Horsa* lost her smooth motion. Poor

little Pauli was violently ill and spoiled his smart tropical suit, to his chagrin. The other passengers were ill too, so he wasn't too self-conscious. I was already pretty sick, so the bumps just made me sicker.

We came down at Luxor for the night, and I was thankful to crawl into bed in the magnificent hotel. The innumerable Sudanese servants became interested in Pauli and me, and when they saw I was ill, just took charge. After long restful hours in bed with no motion to become adjusted to, I felt a little better, and they moved me out onto the balcony of our suite for supper. I wasn't able to eat anything, but we made a party of it so Pauli wouldn't notice, and he enjoyed the meal very much indeed.

From the shelter of our balcony we could see the date palms in the hotel garden, and in the distance the camels and donkeys leisurely winding their way along the streets and canal banks.

The Sudanese offered to get a reliable dragoman to take Pauli to near-by Thebes to see the ruins, but he didn't want to go without me, and I felt that with the great heat and his stomach upset in the plane, perhaps it was best to skip it.

The heat was terrific. It lay like a pall over everything. And dust was everywhere. Fans only stirred the hot air, did not make it cooler. It was too hot to sleep under the nets, but when I saw the size of the mosquitoes I put the nets down and closed them over our beds.

August 20. Luxor. Still with the plane, the *Horsa*. I felt better this morning after the rest, and find that by keeping very still and as flat as possible, I can hold on. The Sudanese were marvellous to us, coming in very quietly during the night to do what they could to make me comfortable. They collected all our laundry last night and returned it fresh and crisp this morning, and Pauli looks very smart in the beautifully washed tropical suit.

We took off early this morning as usual. The plane is still following the Nile, very low, and the scenery is most

interesting. Luxor is perfectly beautiful from the air. Pauli and I saw the ruins at Thebes after all, when the pilot flew low and circled them slowly. They are a group of colossal, roughly hewn, highly coloured statues, strange and fascinating, standing brilliant and stark in the desert, vivid reminders of the ancient civilization in this part of Egypt.

The pilot took us low over Cairo, and slowly circled the Pyramids and the Sphinx so that we could get a close-up view. They are simple and impressive, and one is quite sure they will calmly endure through thousands of years to come. Cairo is fascinating from the air—oriental with its mosques and minarets and narrow streets, but very modern in the central part, with fine buildings and wide streets. The "Paris of Africa."

We flew on over the green, palm-fringed banks of the Nile to Alexandria, where all the passengers who were going to Paris and London left the plane. The passengers bound for India continued on with the *Horsa*.

It was well before noon when we came down at Alexandria. Our seaplane was not due until the following morning, and all the passengers spent the rest of the day and night at the Hotel Cecil, which was right on the Mediterranean. Pauli and I were very comfortable in a cool spacious suite with balcony overlooking the sea. I had a very light lunch in bed, and Pauli had a very solid one on a table on the balcony. He was delighted with the ice cream for dessert, and kept running back and forth to my bed between courses to report the interesting things he saw on the strand and beach below and in the harbour. It was a bit of a job to hide from him the fact that I couldn't manage my lunch.

I was anxious for him to see something of Alexandria, so after four heavenly hours in bed, we went downstairs and hired a car and a dragoman from the hotel. The dragoman proved amusing. He was Egyptian, and his name was Jimmy Hassan. He proudly showed me a letter of recommendation from Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame, and said he had been guide for Ripley, Gary Cooper, and many other

celebrities. He said he had gone donkey riding with Gary Cooper. Pauli is a great admirer of Gary's, and was hilarious over the idea of those long Cooper legs astride a little Egyptian donkey. Hassan went on to say that he was a fan of Paul's, and when he saw the names Robeson on the hotel register, he decided to wait for us to come down so he could have the honour of showing us something of his country. He also wanted me to take a message to Paul: "Paul Robeson must make a film in Egypt, with us, and about us," he said. I will certainly tell Paul. It's an idea.

We drove along to the bazaars where I bought a few things. I was unable to leave the car, so the merchants brought their wares to me. The streets were narrow and crowded and the bazaars were bristling with activity. All the Egyptian ladies wore black and were heavily made up about the eyes only; no rouge or lipstick, but mascara plastered thick all around the eyes. The people were all colours, very like our own negroes in America—from deep black through all the shades of brown to rich cream and white. Nearly all had straight black hair. When I asked Hassan if they were all Egyptians he said: "All, all Egyptians, all children of the Pharaohs; the dark ones have much blood from Sudan." He himself is tan coloured.

I found I couldn't sit up longer than an hour, so we had to get back to the hotel, and I went back to bed. I had made an appointment with the hotel hairdresser as I went out, feeling fairly ambitious, but had to send Pauli down to say I was too ill to keep it. The hairdresser, an Egyptian, came back to the suite with Pauli. It developed that he too was a fan of Paul's, and had seen his films and heard his records.

"What a voice," he said, "I like the bass, it is big and rich and wonderful. But Madame is ill?" he asked sympathetically. "Then I do your hair in bed if necessary, and it will make you feel better."

And he did, too, and gave me a scalp treatment as well, which certainly made me feel better! It seems he has worked

all over the world, from Shanghai to Hollywood; he had all the latest portable equipment, and even knew all about Negro hair, which was a welcome surprise.

In the evening the Sudanese moved my bed over to the balcony where I could see the lovely panorama of the harbour. I was very disappointed over not being able to take Pauli sight-seeing, but he seemed very happy and contented on the balcony. Fortunately the view was magnificent: the wide colourful street below, the wonderful stretch of sandy beach, the great variety of interesting ships in the distance, and the lights in the evening.

August 21. Alexandria. We cross the Mediterranean today by seaplane, the *Scipio*, via Crete and Athens to Brindisi on the southern tip of Italy. I had a bad night, but I think the long rest has done me good. Anyway I feel able to hold on for another day. If I don't feel better when we get to Brindisi, I'll go into a hospital there and have Pauli telephone big Paul. I'll keep my fingers crossed and see.

The *Scipio* is a handsome craft. We taxied out of Alexandria harbour and rose smoothly over the calm blue Mediterranean.

Some of our fellow passengers in the *Horsa* have gone on to Persia and India, and some of them are continuing with us to Paris.

The charming American family from Wilmington, Delaware, is still with us. And so is the English Colonial from South Africa.

Pauli and I had been extremely cautious with these passengers. The Wilmington people were "southerners," and this typical Colonial was a special brand of poison to us, as Negroes.

By the time the *Horsa* had reached Khartoum we were all on very pleasant speaking terms. When we reached Alexandria we were on much more than speaking terms.

The Wilmington family, in spite of their Southern origin, were charming, friendly, and interesting. The

attractive middle-aged man and wife had come with their two stalwart handsome sons (about nineteen and twenty) for big-game hunting in Kenya. They had had wonderful luck, and had enjoyed their trip enormously.

The Colonial was on the elderly side, red faced, choleric, and given to asserting himself. He had spent many years in South Africa, made his fortune, and is now returning to England to enjoy it. He has the utmost contempt for "the blacks," as he calls the Africans, and in fact does not think too well of anything or anybody not British.

It took him quite some time and effort to adjust himself to the fact that Pauli and I—"blacks"—were actually fellow passengers with himself. Finally, as he saw the other passengers one by one become friendly with us, he too broke down and talked with us. (I'm sure it never once occurred to him that *we* did *not* want to talk with *him*!) In the end we had some very interesting conversation.

He was obviously a lonely man, and in spite of himself he was very much attracted to Pauli. When he came to know us better he made a curious remark:

"Son of yours a fine boy, fine boy. Incredible he is only nine years old. So intelligent."

I said Pauli had been around grownups a great deal, and perhaps was informed beyond his years because of that.

"No, *intelligent*," insisted the Colonial gruffly. "Pity he's got that handicap."

"What handicap?" I asked, my feathers ruffling.

"Pity he's black. Pity. Could go far."

"He'll go far *because* he's black," I said. "His colour, his background, his rich history are part of his wealth. We consider it an asset, not a handicap."

He was surprised and interested. "Don't understand," he said.

"Of course you don't," I said pleasantly, and let the conversation drop.

But I continued the conversation in my mind.

Soaring in the clouds, with the strange distant toy world spread out below, I felt removed from earth-bound things.

Why am I really glad and proud to be Negro? Why am I sorry for this pitiful "superior" European? Why do I actually feel superior to him?

This poor man doesn't know what it's all about. He has no important or useful knowledge about more than a billion of his fellow men—Negroes, Africans, Indians, Chinese, probably Jews, and probably Russians. Most likely he has simply dismissed them contemptuously as "primitive," "oriental," or "Red." He has built himself into a very small, very limited world of his own, behind a towering, formidable wall of ignorance, prejudice, and "superiority."

This typical Colonial seems to me weak, uncomfortably self-conscious, lonely, pathetic, and frightened.

Certainly he is weak, else why must he carry and maintain armed force—and plenty of it—everywhere he goes, always?

Certainly he is uncomfortably self-conscious, else why need he insist—loudly, constantly—that he is superior? Really superior people take their superiority for granted.

Certainly he is lonely and pathetic. Has he not arbitrarily walled himself off from more than two-thirds of his fellow men, the non-white peoples of the world?

And certainly he is frightened. One has only to watch him when he rants about the "rising tide of colour," about the "yellow peril," etc., to realize he is frightened. Only fear can explain much of his irrational behaviour toward his non-white brother.

On the other hand we, as Negroes, at least know what it's all about. We know our white brothers—know a great deal about them. They have shown us all their strengths and all their weaknesses.

We have not built any walls to limit our world.

Walls have been built against us, but we are always fighting to tear them down, and in the fighting, we grow, we find new strength, new scope.

We look at slavery—personal, economic, and social slavery—and we know that it has done us grave injury. But we have always fought that slavery, resisted it everywhere, continuously; and in the fighting, in the resistance, we have survived and grown strong.

In fighting a just cause, in resisting oppression, there is dignity.

We look at those who have enslaved us, and find them decadent. Injustice and greed and conscious inhumanity are terribly destructive.

Yes, I am glad and proud I am Negro.

Crete, Athens, Brindisi, Paris, London.

All a dream and a nightmare, because I was ill.

August 25. London. I made it home. With Pauli's sturdy help, I made it.

It seems that Mother arrived in London more than a week ago from her summer in Russia, had prepared the flat and sat down to wait for us. Paul had joined her a few days later.

Paul picked up the paper four days ago, and read that our plane, the *Horsa*, was overdue at Karachi and was thought to be lost somewhere in the Persian desert. (It was found in the desert several days later, with the passengers, pilot, and the nice steward, hungry and parched with thirst, sheltering under the great wings of the plane.) Frightened, Paul called the airways office, and they assured him we had changed at Alexandria from the *Horsa* to the *Scipio*, for the flight across the Mediterranean.

Two days later he picked up an evening paper and read that the *Scipio*, in landing at Crete, had gone straight to the bottom of the sea. The passengers and crew and some of the mail had been rescued. (This was on the return trip from Brindisi to Alexandria, but Paul didn't know that then.)

Frantic, he rushed round to the airways office for news of

Pauli and me. They explained that we had been safe aboard the Paris train when the accident happened.

Paul and Mother drove down to the Croydon Airport outside London to meet us. Pauli, with vast relief, turned his Mamma Dear over to Daddy and Grandma.

"She was awful sick, but I brought her home safe," he said proudly.

December, 1944. Enfield, Conn., U.S.A.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since August, 1936.

I have continued my study of anthropology over the years—in England, in Russia, and now here in America at the Hartford Seminary Foundation.

In Russia I was excited and profoundly moved to see for myself how the so-called "backward," "primitive" peoples from the formerly remote wastes of Siberia and Asia have been stepped up to active and constructive participation in a highly industrialized modern state. The Institute of Minorities in Leningrad is a place to visit, study, and revisit.

Today the question of Africa is even more interesting, exciting, and pressing than heretofore. Africa has at long last come into focus in world thinking. The interest and attention of the world are now, reluctantly, directed towards that great continent. The North African Campaign was crucial in this war. That's where we got our toe hold in this present march to victory. Vitaly important supply bases, repair bases, airfields are in Africa. Critical raw materials—rubber, essential alloys used in making steel, palm oil, cotton, cocoa, radium come from Africa. The Free French were given new life, hope, and impetus because of the loyalty, courage, and political astuteness of Félix Éboué, the black Governor of the Chad Region, in French Equatorial Africa. International aerodromes have been established at strategic points in North, West, Central, and East Africa. Dakar, Cairo, Brazzaville are known to millions of the newspaper, radio, and film public.

Formerly remote Africa is right around the corner, by plane.

But far more important than all this is the fact that for the first time since the penetration of Africa by the white man, the people of the world will have to consider the *people of Africa*.

Until this war, the only people who were even vaguely aware of Africans as human beings were missionaries. Tourists, business men, government officials, and politicians—with few exceptions—considered the Africans (if they considered them at all) as savages, labour fodder, and pawns.

This war has changed all that. The people of the world, in fighting for their own freedom, have come at long last to sense that no man can be free until all men are free.

Many people try to avoid facing this reality; many people are facing it reluctantly.

But Hitler, in his insistence upon the superiority of the few, *his* few, over the many, in his ruthless enslavement of some peoples and the extermination of others, has shown clearly that race inferiority, tolerated so complacently yesterday because it meant the non-white, today comes out to mean the non-Aryan, the non-Nazi; that slavery so complacently tolerated yesterday because it meant the African, the Negro, comes out today to mean all the conquered peoples.

When an aroused world, at last determined not to continue to waste its wealth and manpower in periodic destructive wars, carefully considers the securing of a permanent peace, realistic statesmen will have to consider seriously the *freedom of peoples*.

Millions of soldiers (including Africans and Negroes) have been fighting in remote places of the earth for Democracy and the Four Freedoms—for themselves, and for their people.

Since these millions are men of all nations, all colours,

all creeds, they are fighting for Democracy and the Four Freedoms for all the peoples of the world.

Many of these soldiers have, alas, died for this high goal.

I believe there will never be peace in the world until people achieve what they have fought and died for.

Africans are people.

